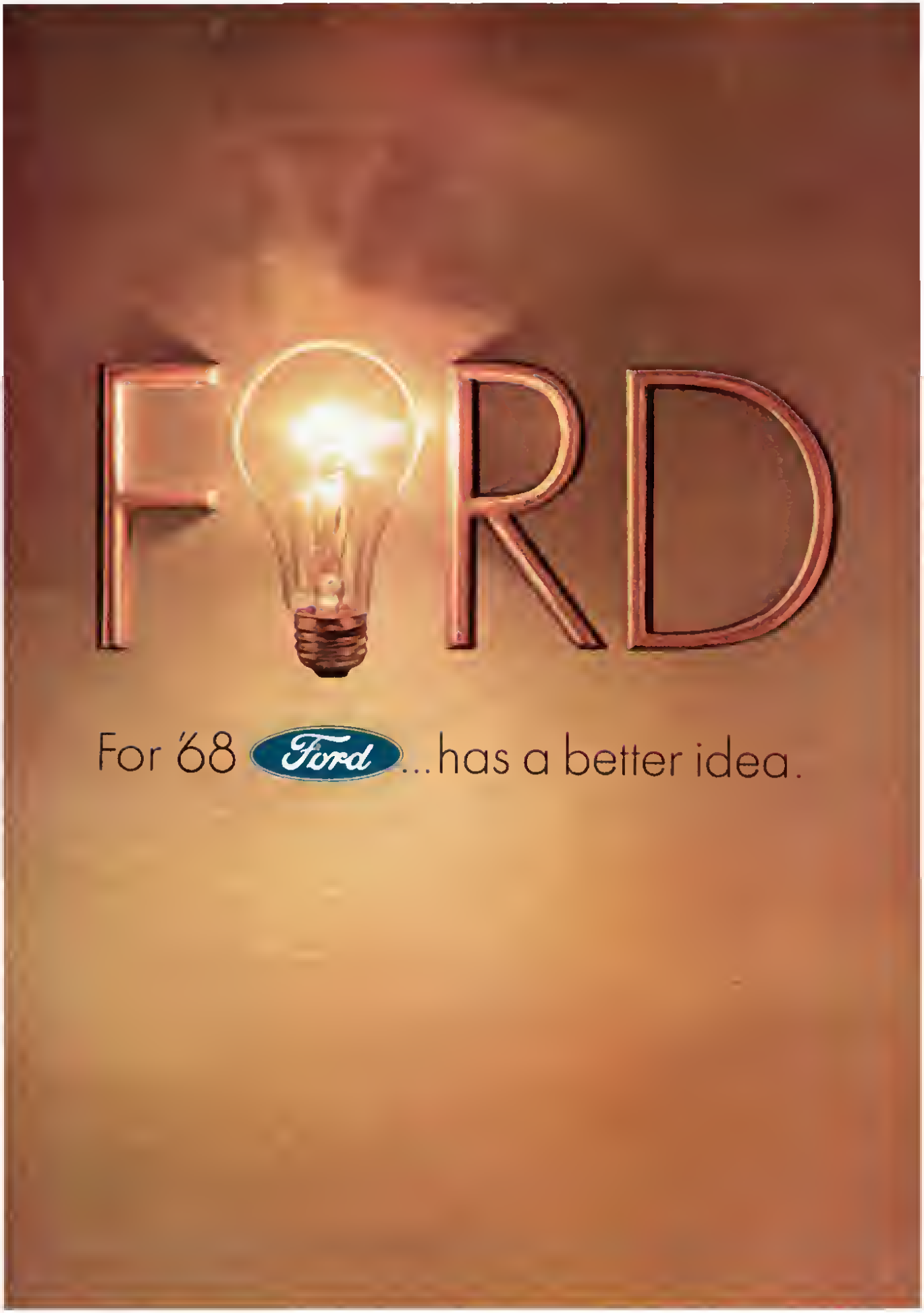
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 25, 1967
40 CENTS

NINO BENVENUTI—WORLD CHAMPION ITALIAN STYLE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Next week

VICTORIOUS ST. LOUIS, with the National League pennant wrapped up, prepares to meet any one of four American League teams in the Series. A preview by William Leggett.

USC FACES TEXAS, and John McKay of USC faces a typical big-game week in the life of a college football coach. John Underwood tells of the pregame drama, and what it led to.

AGENT 28250 of Pinkerton's Inc.—that's Writer Myron Cope—reports on the 117-year-old detective agency, as well as his own on-the-job training at the Memphis Open.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Younger readers of Paul Gallico can be excused if they have a mental picture of him as a frail, shy little man, or even if they suspect that "Paul Gallico" may be a pseudonym for a frail, shy middle-aged lady. For many years now he has been writing gentle novels about cats, cows, guinea pigs, anthropomorphic snowflakes and, of course, The Mrs 'Arris who went to Paris. Gallico in person, 6′ 3″ and still rugged at 70, might come as quite a shock to those who do not know that he was New York's highest-paid sportswriter in an era that included Damon Runyon and Grantland Rice, that he initiated and named

ATHLETE GALLICO

the Golden Gloves Tournament and that he is the man who originated the get-into-the-ring-with-a-champion approach to sportswriting which Author George Plimpton may be considered to have brought to full flower. Gallico had his mouth bloodied by Jack Dempsey in 1923, 36 years before Plimpton quarterbacked for the Detroit Lions.

To add interest and accuracy to the column he wrote for the New York *Daily News* in the '20s and '30s, Gallico played baseball, football, golf, tennis and cricket. He boxed, rowed, swam, fenced, learned to fly and, in 1936, accomplished what Columnist Westbrook Pegler described as falling off an Alp. Gallico's instruction in skiing had taken place on a borax mountain in Saks Fifth Avenue. Thus prepared he went to Garmisch and took off down the Olympic ski run. "I covered most of it on my can," he now says cheerfully (further establishing his kinship with George Plimpton).

Gallico took some of these athletic endeavors more seriously than others. He became involved in cricket out of curiosity, though he concluded that it was a fine, tough game, and his skiing career was certainly brief and experimental. But he took up aviation because he felt that "every modern man ought to learn to fly. After all, I knew how to drive a car and run a motorboat." Fencing has been a genuine interest for many years. He wrote an article on the sport for this magazine in 1954, and in 1957 he was quoted as saying, "I fence. Only I fence good. Was épée champion of the New York Athletic Club in 1948 or 1949. I forget which. Have quit due to aging gams and because I think it is silly at my age, but for a couple of bouts will hold my own in any company." Now he still fences two or three times a week and is even more sanguine about his ability. "I'll take on anyone. I'm good enough to fence with the best until my legs start sending a message to my brain, namely, 'Gallico, be your age.'"

Fencing has proved to be Gallico's lasting avocation but it is not his oldest sporting love. In 1921 he captained the Columbia University crew. Forty-six years later he lives in the south of France and travels extensively, only occasionally to New York, but the few years he put in as a Columbia oarsman remain with him vividly.

How vividly will become apparent to readers who turn to page 76, where Gallico begins an ardent recollection of a time when rowers were the tiredest men afloat but the biggest men on campus.

Gary Valk

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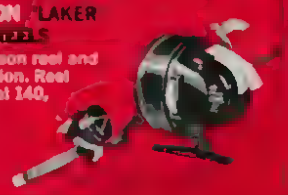

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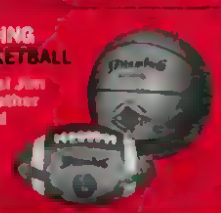

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BOOKTALK

A former U.S. doubles champion looks at the national singles championships

In any sport, there is something indefinable that separates the champion from the pack he dominates. This is the primary theme of *Tennis Observed*, by Bill Talbert and Pete Axthelm (Barre Publishers, $12.50), a statistical and reminiscent study of the men who have won the U.S. national singles championship from 1881 to the present. Talbert, a veteran of many seasons at Forest Hills who recently was enshrined in the Tennis Hall of Fame, writes from first-hand experience. He has won over 30 national titles and was twice a men's singles finalist. Of the 43 title holders, Talbert has beaten 14 at one time or another and as a teen-ager served as ball boy for several others.

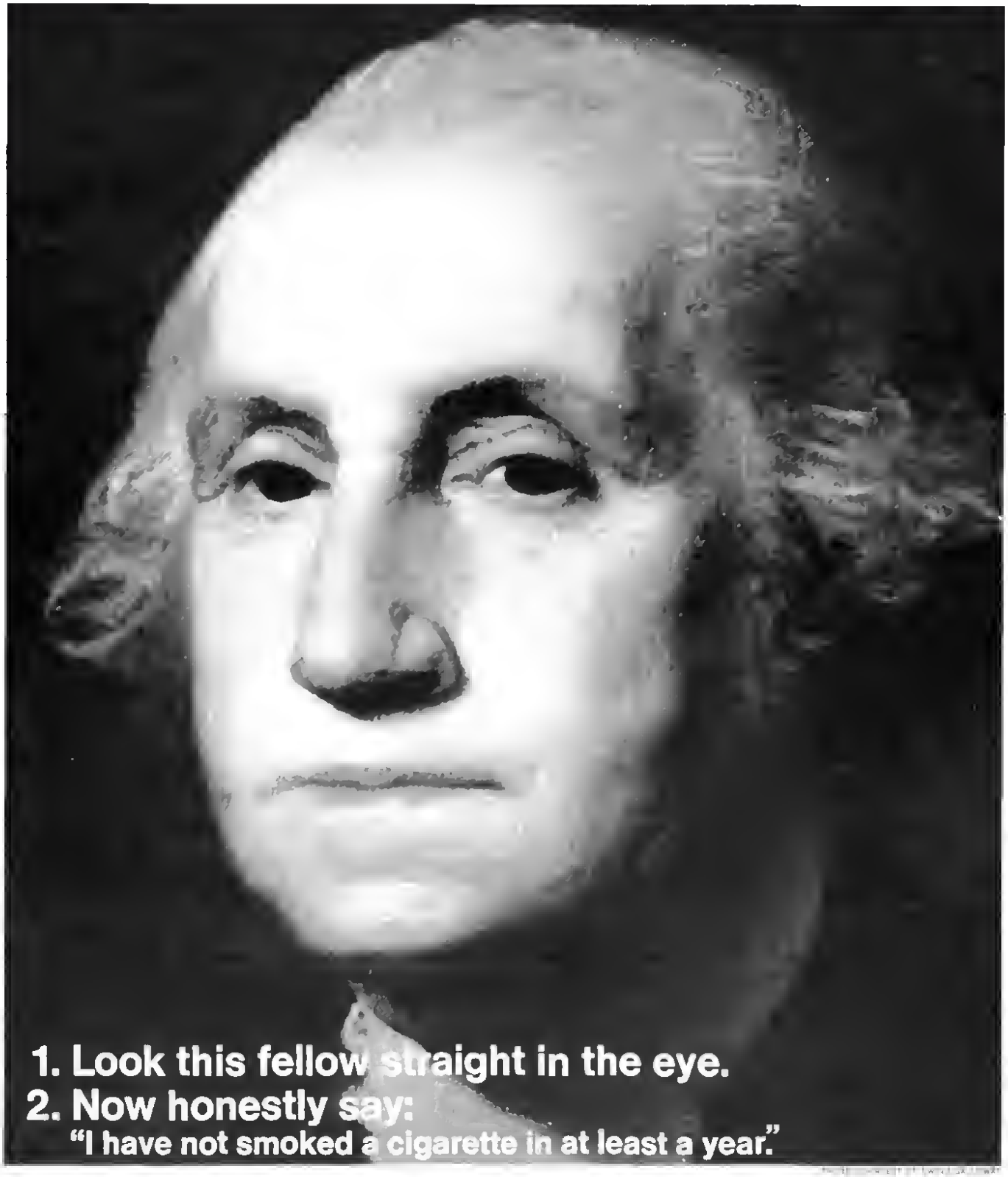
There are fascinating bits of memorabilia in his descriptions of all the champions and their tournaments, especially the earlier ones. In the first championship, for instance, held before a noisy and amused audience of eastern socialites at the Newport Casino, several of the players served underhand, so little had technique advanced. But winner Richard D. Sears dominated that competition (and six others) with a weapon straight from the modern era—the volley. And for 28 years, from 1884 to 1911, the defending champion was allowed, as Davis Cup holders are today, to sit out the preliminaries and play only a single match against the tourney winner for the overall title.

The book also contains the draw sheets of every national tournament, in itself a rather startling bit of sporting scholarship. The modern era presented no problems, but before-the-turn-of-the-century records were sketchy at best. "The Hall of Fame at Newport was helpful," says Talbert, "as was *The New York Times* and other papers. But in many instances I had to sit down and make up a draw of my own from day-to-day newspaper accounts."

Talbert doesn't hesitate in singling out Bill Tilden as the game's greatest champion. "Tilden was such a magnificent athlete he would have adjusted *to any style*," Talbert says. "We lesser players always ask nervously about an opponent, 'What's his weakness?' Tilden attacked an opponent's strength and won. He would have been a champion in any era."

Whether it is the tenacity of a Bobby Riggs, the electric flair of Pancho Gonzalez or the superb all-court ability of a Kramer, it is obvious that the champions have something different. No U.S. player has won the championship of his own nation since Tony Trabert took the title in 1955. If our current juniors study this book they might possibly get a better idea of how the game should be approached.

—KIM CHAPIN



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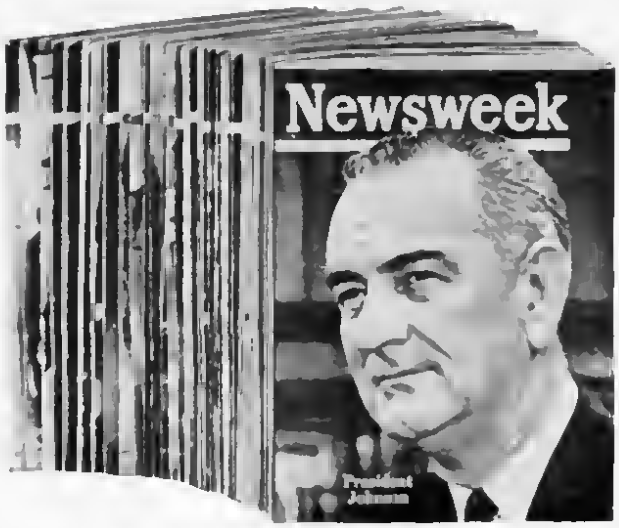

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NEW YORK LIFE

SCORECARD

CAUSE FOR ALARM

There appears to be a dim possibility, and it is only that, that some of the far-out leaders of the civil rights movement may call on Negro athletes to boycott the 1968 Olympics. The possibility arose when Tommie Smith, American Negro sprinter, was interviewed by Japanese journalists—with no Western newsmen present—during Tokyo's recent World University Games. Asked about the racial situation in the U.S., Smith—who attends San Jose State and holds nine world records—pithily described it as "lousy," then went on to say:

"Depending upon the situation, you cannot rule out the possibility that we Negro athletes might boycott the games in Mexico. Just this morning I was talking with my friend Charlie Craig [Negro triple jumper] about this problem."

Later Smith vehemently denied that he was advocating a boycott, and said he was merely suggesting the possibility.

But Jim Fowler, white leader of the U.S. delegation to the University Games, declared that the possibility was "a very real one."

"Certainly," he said, "some of the Negro leaders may be thinking along these lines. Another difficult hot summer and more problems in some of the big cities and they might see an Olympic boycott as a strong piece of propaganda."

And Madeline Manning, a 19-year-old sociology major at Tennessee State and one of the world's best women at 800 meters, reflected soberly: "It would be very difficult to refuse if our people asked this of us."

So it could conceivably happen. And if it does, it will be a disappointment to sportsmen all over the world. It would be a disappointment especially to millions of Americans, many of whom would blame it all on civil rights extremists. For the athlete, a decision to boycott the Olympics would mean giving up a lifelong dream. It would mean that all the sacrifices, the long hours of training, the pain, had been for nothing. It would mean, too, and some Olympic prospects would justify themselves in this way, that the athlete put certain values higher than U.S. success or his own participation in the Olympic Games. It would be his way of saying, "I care enough to do something."

REQUIEM FOR A CHAMPION

After he rode the 8-year-old California champion Native Diver to victory in the Del Mar Handicap on Labor Day, Jockey Jerry Lambert said: "He's just too much. I hope he never dies. You know, he might be getting old at that, though. He wanted to go home to his barn instead of going back to the winner's circle, and I had to coax him a little bit to get him to go there."

Nine days later Native Diver was dead. In the van on the way from Del Mar in the south to Bay Meadows in the north, the horse "acted funny," one of his handlers said. He would not eat or drink and for the first time in his fractious life permitted his groom to mop his perspiring forehead. Rushed to the University of California's animal husbandry specialists at Davis, he was given intensive care. But enteric toxemia, which horsemen call colic, was too much for him, as it is for most horses.

Californians felt about Native Diver the way Easterners feel about Kelso. He got more fan mail than any other horse but Kelso—a lot of it, because he was so handsome, from girls. He was a front-runner and a stayer; blazing fast, peevish, yet graceful. He was big and almost black, with a hide that washed down to a natural luminescence, making him a perfect picture horse.

The gelded son of Imbros-Fleet Diver by Devil Diver won 34 stakes, all in California, a world record for added-money victories. In his seven seasons on the track, Native Diver made 81 starts, finished first 37 times, second seven times and third 12 times. His lifetime earnings were $1,112,762.50, including $1,026,500 at the races and $86,262.50 in breeder awards. He was seventh on the all-time money-winners list. Three years in a row he captured the mile-and-a-quarter Hollywood Gold Cup, richest race in the U.S. handicap division.

Whenever he appeared on California tracks, Native Diver was cheered. His victory this year in the Hollywood Gold Cup won him the biggest ovation any horse but Kelso is known to have received in this country.

A REAL HAZARD

An 18-hole championship golf course that wanders back and forth across the Nevada-California state line is being built by the Sahara Tahoe Hotel, and it should test the mettle of everyone who plays it.

The hotel's brochure proudly reports that "a natural quicksand pit, which has claimed several cattle over the years, lies directly between the 10th and 11th tees." Even though the hotel hastens to add that the quicksand will have a protective wall around it, an element of suspense is created by the fact that not even the Great Wall of China would stop some golfers intent on finding a lost ball. After all, why take a penalty?

WRONG SIGNAL

A sporty new car called the Road Runner is being introduced by Plymouth, complete with horn that goes "beep-beep"

—just like the fast-running desert bird character in the movie cartoons.

This is fun, and we applaud it, but in the interest of ornithology it must be pointed out that the automobile follows art (or the car copies cartoons) rather than life.

The actual roadrunner (and he spells

continued

his name as one word, not two), which lives in arid southwestern states like New Mexico and Arizona, is a ground cuckoo that rarely goes faster than 18 mph. And its call, which varies from a high-pitched whine to a bill-clacking clatter, is usually expressed as "coo, coo, coo, coo."

LUCKY BREAK

A mortified Irish golfer, James O'Toole, played an extraordinary round in his club championship in Dublin, the kind of round that all golfers have sudden qualms about as they tee up in a tournament after firmly announcing their handicap. What Mr. O'Toole—a 15-handicapper—did was shoot a 68, which is only two strokes off the course record. His net 53 won him the top prize and some raised eyebrows from club officials, who immediately cut four shots from his handicap. The somewhat embarrassed Mr. O'Toole explained that not so long before he had broken his right wrist. The injury had not only forced him to change his swing, it had also led him to stop using his driver, three- and four-woods. And, he added, "everything went perfectly."

JOURNALESE JAZZED

The fascination high school football has for Texans makes it imperative that newspapers report, at least briefly, on as many games as possible. This in turn creates a problem for the fellows who write those little one-line heads above the stories and are required to be bright, original, snappy and all that. Here are some recent ones:

STEERS GORE EAGLES
BIRDS BITE SHARKS
GAARS GET GUTTED
FLATONIA DECKED

But none so far has topped:

LOUISE SQUEEZED.

NO ITALIANS NEED APPLY

Because racing competition has become big business, says Enzo Ferrari, the master builder of racing cars, "the era of gentleman racing drivers is ended."

He himself is speeding the change along. For one thing, he has given up on Italian drivers and insists he no longer will hire them to race Ferraris, a decision arrived at after Lorenzo Bandini was killed driving a Ferrari at the Monaco Grand Prix last May. Italians, says Ferrari, have too many outside interests, while non-Italians are professionals giving full time to the job of piloting racing cars. He explains thus his release of two of his Italian drivers—Ludovico Scarfiotti, a wealthy landowner, and Nino Vaccarelli, headmaster of a school.

There is one exception to the Ferrari rule against Italian drivers: Giacomo Agostini, world motorcycle champion, who is reported interested in winning both the world driving and motorcycling titles, as John Surtees has done.

"If, for example," says Ferrari, "tomorrow morning Giacomo Agostini presented himself at my office I would hire him on the spot because he is a serious boy. He also has the courage of a lion and has, like all those who came from motorcycle racing, a background in mechanics that is indispensable for a good professional driver."

So much for the Italian Anti-Defamation League's success in Italy.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

You can study some surprising things at Odessa (Texas) College—Christmas gift wrapping, bull-whip snapping and, starting this year, an advanced course in poodle grooming (with no credits, unfortunately, toward graduation). An introductory course has been included in the curriculum for some time because, a college official explains, "there was a shortage of experienced professional poodle stylists in West Texas." To remedy the situation, Odessa began teaching proper barbering techniques—there are five basic ways to trim a poodle, but several hundred variations. The subject has become so popular that three separate classes have been scheduled. Three hundred students have taken the course so far.

LA PALOMA, PRESTIGE BIRD

There is but one place in the U.S. and one time of year (on two September weekends) when the white-winged dove may be hunted. This year the prospect of bringing home a bag of the tasty dark-meated birds drew 20,000 hunters to McAllen, Texas (population 38,000), which is on the Mexican border about three DC-3 hours out of Dallas. They had some 750,000 birds to shoot at.

The season, lasting from 1 p.m. to sundown on each of two Saturdays and Sundays, is thus open for little more than 24 hours. The daily bag limit is 12 whitewings and 12 mourning doves, with a possession limit of 24 each and plenty of game wardens cruising about to see that the limits are enforced. In other words, one may take a dove an hour. It was figured that a couple who flew in from Minnesota in their private jet were, all expenses considered, paying $100 apiece for their birds, or several hundred dollars a pound.

Well worth it, say the hunters, who endure not only the expense but swarms of mosquitoes and equally exasperating service in restaurants across the Rio Grande in Reynosa, Mexico. A three-hour wait for a table, while sipping margaritas, is not unusual. But after all those drinks the roast cabrito (goat) tastes good and one takes a casual view of roaches on the table.

The point is that a platter of whitewings is a status symbol and a Texan who bags his limit is entitled thereby to shed his customary modesty and brag a little.

TRY A STUFFED ONE

Notre Dame, UCLA and Miami can rest easy now. There's no chance of their being clawed at Pitt Stadium by a wild panther—just the University of Pittsburgh's football-playing type of panther.

Dave Hart, Pitt coach, had planned to have a live panther caged along the sideline this fall as an inspirational pitch for his charges. So the Pitt alumni of Beaver County bought him one.

But even Lloyd's of London refused to issue insurance on such a venture, and so did every American insurance firm approached by the college. You see, college students are known to be incurable pranksters, and turning loose a panther almost certainly would strike some of them as a highly comical idea. The panther is now locked in the zoo.

THEY SAID IT

• Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State coach, admiring the attitude of his married players: "They all agreed to move into dormitories for the first two weeks of fall practice. Of course, I helped their decision a little; I made it a rule."

• Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame coach, on the new punt-return rule: "We will no longer practice live punt returns. It's too dangerous, and if it's too dangerous to practice, it's too dangerous to play."

• Sam Mele, ousted Minnesota Twins manager, asked what he had noticed most about the club this summer: "They got going right after I left." **END**

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New Norelco Rechargeable Tripleheader Speedshaver® 45CT packs enough power for twice as many shaves as any other rechargeable.

It feels so light in your hand, so trim, so sleek that it's hard to believe this newest Norelco Tripleheader can pack away so much reserve power.

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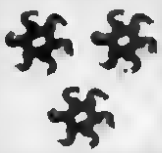

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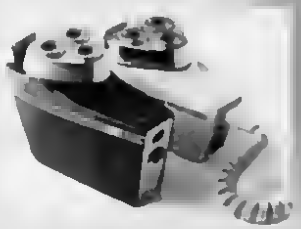

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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 25, 1967

'ONE MORE GREAT PLAY'

That is what UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro is asking for in the dramatic scene at right, and a moment later both Tennessee and the imploring crowd in the Los Angeles Coliseum saw Gary Beban's answer

by DAN JENKINS

All night long it is The Great One against The Swamp Rat. In a college football game that is simply bursting apart with heroism, it is UCLA's Gary Beban, who is called The Great One because he is from the wonderland of California, against Tennessee's Dewey Warren, who is called The Swamp Rat because he is from the Georgia marsh country. They are two of the very best quarterbacks in the land. They also happen to be on two of the best teams in the land, and these teams have been crashing into one another all evening in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, with both the players and the ball soaring every which way because of the vicious hitting.

Now it is late, only four minutes to go, and The Swamp Rat has Tennessee ahead, 16–13. It is fourth down for The Great One. There is a time-out, and the 66,000 people in the stadium figure that this—more than ever before in his glorious past—has to be the moment of The Great One.

Seemingly unaware of the bedlam, UCLA's Gary Beban goes to the sideline to chat with Coach Tommy Prothro. Fourth and two on the Tennessee 27-yard line. A field goal will tie, a first down will keep the drive going for a possible victory. Wonderful suspense.

"Gary," says Prothro, "you look tired."

Beban should. He has brought UCLA back from 0–7 and 3–13, even though the bad breaks have heaped up on him so repetitiously that you have to figure the fates wore orange dunce caps; Tennessee orange, of course. And he has just marched the Bruins 46 yards upfield on their last real chance for victory.

Beban says, "I'm O.K., Coach."

Prothro, a drawling Southerner on the order of Alabama's Bear Bryant, puts his hand on his quarterback's shoulder.

"Are you fresh enough to run one more play?" Prothro asks. "I want you to run the ball." Beban's golden headgear bobs up and down, yes.

"I want you to run one more great play for me," the coach sighs.

Gary Beban returns to the field and brings UCLA out of the huddle for his specialty, a run-pass option to the right. "It has a simple name," Beban said later. "I just call it Sprint Streak, or a Sweep around the Horn."

Beban starts to the right in his almost lazy fashion, and he raises the ball to give Tennessee's defense the hint of a pass. But there is daylight. Not daylight, exactly, under the Coliseum lights, but what you might call a crease in the smog. Gary Beban cuts sharply across the scrimmage line, and the spectators explode, for it is clear he has enough for the first down. They will settle for that. But he is still running. He wiggles to the right, feints with his head, darts back to the left, and a cluster of Tennessee defenders wind up piled on each other.

Now there is this delighted gasp from the crowd, which is composed of UCLA fans except for 3,000 Tennesseans who will take their orange vests and hats on to Disneyland from here. Gary Beban is going to run right out of the stadium with the old ball game on the greatest play of his career. And now Beban is suddenly in the clear. He is storming at a wide angle across the field and no one is going to catch him. Beban strides into the west end zone of the Coliseum and, in a moment of total hysteria, tosses the football into Section T-14. UCLA has struggled back and won, 20–16, and it will be said that this was one of the most necessary victories in the school's annals. There were some good reasons for that.

The game was supposed to have been some kind of crusade for UCLA because the Bruins lost a rowdy 37–34 decision to Tennessee in Memphis in 1965. The result had made Prothro madder than if the Coke machine in his athletic building had gone empty. He thought the officiating had been deplorable and said so. He thought the timekeeper surely must have had an orange T tattooed on his chest. Time was called three times on Tennessee's winning drive for reasons that Prothro found questionable. The defeat was especially bitter because Memphis, after all, was his old home town, and his UCLA team was going on to the Rose Bowl.

Prothro, who usually does a splendid job of concealing emotions, got out of character. Pressed on the topic of the officiating, he made the remark that set the entire Southland aflame.

"I'm a born and bred Southerner, and

continued

Trailing 13–16 with four minutes to play, UCLA has the ball, fourth and two on the Tennessee 27-yard line, as Beban stops to consult his coach.

16

Beben starts his climactic play by rolling out toward the right. Spotting a small hole he cuts into it, but seems trapped by fast-closing Tennessee line.

I've always been proud of it, but I'm sorry to say it today," he said.

"I don't know why Tommy has made such a big deal about this rematch," said a Knoxville writer in Los Angeles early in the week. "He talks about the clock being stopped. The reason it was stopped once was because a UCLA player kicked the ball away. What's the official supposed to do? Let 'em run a play without the football?"

All of this helped make the 1967 meeting a special attraction, one that had college-football enthusiasts talking as far back as last April. A pro scout said then, "UCLA's whole spring training was devoted to Tennessee." And a close friend of Prothro said, "I don't think Tommy has ever wanted to win one worse than this or has prepared harder for a single opponent."

He added, "Man, you know what this is? It's the first bowl game of the season."

For someone supposedly on a dire mission, Tommy Prothro seemed beautifully calm during the big week. He smiled a lot for visitors and swigged his usual 4,000 Cokes a day. Prothro without a Coke in his hand is like the Statue of Liberty without her Dunhill. When he spoke with friends, it was mostly about bridge, the game that is his second passion. He insisted he was not one

continued

After a fake to the right he swerves sharply to the left, fooling Tennessee Linebacker Jimmy Glover (32). And now Beben fakes to the right once again.

With a deceptive show of speed he evades the last clutching Tennessee lineman and bursts into the open, all the while assessing the trouble ahead

When Defensive Halfback Albert Dorsey (26) commits himself, Beban cuts suddenly to the left, breaks past Dorsey and has a clear route to the goal

of those coaches who puts on a "game face" and gets angry.

"We're ready," he said. "We've prepared for a good team that might beat us. They'll probably play us normal. We've never been outquicked by anybody in my two years at UCLA, but Tennessee might be quicker than we are. If they are, they'll win. Our kids are poised. Our skilled people are concentrating, which they should, and our hitters, our linemen—well, we're starting to get them in a frenzy. Your hitters should be a little fanatic."

UCLA's most skilled player, Gary Beban, was far from frenzied on the eve of the battle. He was in a state of sophisticated calm, handsome, articulate and good-natured as always. His life story was being serialized daily in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Great timing with Tennessee here, right?" He smiled. He had not heard the rumor circulating around town that he—Gary Beban—had hired a public-relations firm to handle his bid for the Heisman Trophy.

"That has got to be a USC rumor," he said.

Beban said he did not feel any grudge against Tennessee because of the 1965 game. He felt respect, he said, because they were a top team, and he dearly hoped they were not as fast as he suspected they might be. Prothro, he said, had helped keep him calm during his career.

"I've really only had the jitters once before a game," Gary said. "That was before Michigan State in the Rose Bowl. I was sitting there in the dressing room. I was in sort of a fog, not hearing anything that the guys were talking about, or Coach Prothro, either. Finally Coach came over and said, 'Now, Beban, remember this. There are 300 million Chinese on the other side of the world who don't give a damn about this game.' I was fine after that."

Few athletes have started a season with a bigger buildup from their own people than Beban has received. When Prothro called him The Great One, the school's publicity director, Vic Kelley, quickly picked it up. UCLA's publicity refers constantly to The Great One and the team that plays "the most exciting football in the West."

Even as Tennessee arrived in town, Prothro was saying, "Beban is the best college quarterback I've ever seen. He's a classic thrower. He's a better threat as a runner and ball-handler than any quarterback I would have to say he is much better than Terry Baker was." Baker was the Heisman winner (and SI Sportsman of the Year) under Prothro at Oregon State in 1962.

"The boy may beat us, but I think Gary is a lot better than Dewey Warren," Prothro said.

"Coach Prothro is honest," observed Beban later. "He tells you when a team is good, and he tells you when you are playing a stiff."

At Tennessee the week of the game there was no reference at all to the 1965 battle, but there was ample excitement, what with fans arranging charter flights—complete with stops at Las Vegas—and preparing signs like the one that stood out in the Tennessee cheering section: GO GET 'EM SWAMP RAT. It was also obvious that the Tennessee team was working out with unusual dedication for its opening game.

"Our personal view of 1965 is that nothing happened other than a UCLA boy lost his poise and hit one of ours. We won a close game, and that's all there was to it. We're preparing for a tough opponent. They've only lost three in two years. But we have a lot of tough opponents this season," said Coach Doug Dickey.

The Swamp Rat appeared to be as poised as Gary Beban. He had, after all, beaten Beban and UCLA in that 1965 game, setting four school passing records. He had also proved to be the best passer Tennessee ever had, a dropback thrower with a strong arm who was a leader as well. "He could start walking down the hall in the dorm," said Dickey, "and the whole team would follow him without any idea of where he was going."

"When I'm out there I think I'm the best there is," said Warren. "I have always considered myself a winner. If you believe this and can get it across to the other players, they believe in you, and pretty soon they start believing more in themselves."

The game had no sooner begun on Saturday night than UCLA's early blunders made it easy for Tennessee to believe in itself. The Bruins fumbled the opening kickoff, the Volunteers greedily recovered it at the UCLA 19, and in four plays Warren had a touchdown. He hit a key 14-yard pass and then let Tailback Charlie Fulton bruise it over from the one-yard line. For the next three quarters, Tennessee benefited from a lot of UCLA errors, mainly on the part of the defensive unit. The UCLA secondary, comprised of three 5′ 9″ guys who are sometimes called The Monkeys, had several moments of crisis. They fumbled punts, and got trampled, and led one observer, Jim Murray of the *Los Angeles Times*, to remark, "Tennessee doesn't need to throw the bomb to Richmond Flowers. They make more yards punting." It was in the third quarter that fumbling resulted in Tennessee's second touchdown. First, a fumbled punt put UCLA back on its own 11, and then a fumble by UCLA Fullback Rick Purdy on the next play gave the Vols the ball on the nine. The Swamp Rat quickly took them in.

UCLA was always moving the ball against Tennessee, however. Beban was making the most of a brilliant sophomore named Greg Jones, who gained 135 yards and may give UCLA the back it needed to replace All-America Mel Farr. "He could become a real Los Angeles hero," says Beban of Jones. When Jones did not have the ball, it seemed that Beban did, running himself, hitting key passes, and piling up 412 yards of total offense and 26 first downs, compared to Tennessee's 211 yards and only 14 first downs. Meanwhile, the UCLA defense, led by Linebacker Don Manning, was harassing Dewey Warren endlessly.

In the final analysis, Prothro's game plan worked beautifully, as if he certainly had been mapping it out for a year. UCLA continually caught Tennessee's defense, a 4-4 called The Arkansas Squirm, in the wrong stunts and shot the backs through for big yardage. Ultimately it became a question of whether Beban could make up for all the fumbles and force one big thing to go right on a night when everything was going wrong.

He finally did—and why not? When you ask a lad called The Great One for a great play, the least that he can do is supply it. **END**

Tattered in defeat, and with a charging lineman adding to his woes, Swamp Rat Warren presses Tennessee's last futile attack in the closing moments.

Bullishly strong, grotesquely awkward, Oscar Bonavena menacingly whooshes a wild right at Karl Mildenberger, who parries with a right lead

A BEAN-CAN BOUT IN FRANKFURT

From promotion to fight, it was all very much second-class as ungainly Oscar Bonavena easily beat his inept foe to the punch **by MARK KRAM**

Luis Firpo is best remembered in boxing as the man who deposited Jack Dempsey on a row of portable typewriters, but in the dark interior of the sport he will always be recalled as one of its few financial geniuses. Firpo came to the United States carrying a cardboard suitcase and wearing a high celluloid collar, and ended up owning five *estancias* and 14 million pesos. His avarice was boundless and his parsimony was a mania.

"Firpo is on the phone," the late fight promoter, Mike Jacobs, was once told by his secretary.

"Are the charges reversed?" Jacobs asked anxiously.

"No," she said.

"Then it ain't Firpo," Jacobs is said to have shouted.

One Firpo in a century is sufficient, a second Firpo is a cruel aggravation. Yet he is among us once again, this time in the person of Oscar Bonavena (the mild bull of the Pampas), who last week in the Radrennbahn stadium in Frankfurt, Germany planted his grotesque, flat feet to the fore in the World Boxing Association elimination tournament. The packagers of the tournament, Sports Action Inc., paid Bonavena $50,000 and $5,000 or thereabouts in expenses. They should not be easily forgiven.

To be certain, it was a week of ridiculous happenings (Jack Dempsey defeated Jim Corbett in a computerized fight, and Novelist Alberto Moravia had to take a test for beginning reporters so he could write for an Italian paper), but all must bow to this third quarterfinal match that blended the frantic clumsiness of Bonavena, the embarrassing ineptitude of Karl Mildenberger and the gross inefficiency of the German promoters and boxing officials into a comedic horror.

The Germans performed as if they had never conducted a fight before. A bean can was used as a bell. Rapped with a padded mallet, it was inaudible. At first nobody counted knockdowns, and when the gentleman in charge of that function decided it might be a trifle important he simply counted as if he were tapping a pencil. Wolfgang Mueller, Mildenberger's manager, ran around the edges and in and out of the ring during the fight uncensured, and the promoters, exhibiting matchless greed, even sold working press seats that had been allotted to reporters.

"It ranks," said Nat Fleischer, boxing's high priest, "as one of the worst conducted fights I have seen in my entire career."

No international fight, certainly no fight of major significance, should ever be held in Germany again, even though it seems to be fertile territory. There was a crowd of 18,000, and the gate came to $150,000. The top ticket sold for 150 marks ($37.50), and even before the fight the price seemed unreasonable. In retrospect, it was bank robbery. Mildenberger, ranked No. 1 by the WBA and No. 2 by *The Ring* magazine, is weaponless and defenseless. Bonavena just looks ferocious and, besides being a boor out of the ring, he is an unpardonable bore in the ring.

He was all of this and more in Germany, but the only way this primitive creature could have lost, despite his unplotted campaign, his disgusting punching and elephantine moves, was on fouls. Three fouls and you lose in Germany, which is why Mueller kept bellowing "foul" at Referee Harry Krause, the man who allowed Floyd Patterson to be mercilessly battered by Muhammad Ali in Las Vegas and then had to recount his scoring. Still, there was nothing anyone could do for Mildenberger.

Bonavena knocked him down with a short left hook in the first round, but he was not hurt badly. Mildenberger was cut on the corner of his right eye in the second, and in the third he slipped and Bonavena raked his head with his heavy hands while he was down. Mildenberger was down again and almost through the ropes in the fourth, this time from another left hook, but no one did any counting. Bonavena lost a point in the fifth for punching low, but even with that Mildenberger could only gain an even round. A right by Bonavena in the seventh over a right hand lead dropped Mildenberger again, this time to one knee.

"God, will somebody please do some counting," Krause screamed.

Mildenberger drove Bonavena up on his heels in the ninth with a sharp left hook (one of the few decent punches he threw in the fight), but the Argentine survived to rip an ungainly right-left combination to Mildenberger's head in the 10th and send him down once more, his head snapping outside of the ropes. Mildenberger was in serious trouble now, and Mueller was on the edge of the ring,

continued

seemingly ready to throw his towel in. But Mildenberger got back on his feet, and Bonavena crashed into him with both hands. He then suddenly stopped punching and raised his hands. He thought Mueller was going to stop the fight. It did not matter. The bean can had been rung about 10 seconds earlier.

Two more rounds and this distasteful joke was over. The press gave Mildenberger one or two rounds. Referee Krause scored it 56-48 for Bonavena. His was the only meaningful scoring: no one could take the Argentine or German judge seriously.

Bonavena's victory should not be taken seriously, either. It will provide this Silas Marner of boxing with more money much more money than he is worth—to hoard, and it will enable him to hang about long enough to make more people miserable. But his victory is a blow to the tournament, which had such an excellent beginning when Jimmy Ellis and Thad Spencer won their quarterfinal matches in Houston. To think of Bonavena in the company of this pair is an obscenity.

The only impressive aspect of Oscar Bonavena is, in a weird sort of way, his physical appearance, especially his feet. Technically, he is an untutored oaf. He seems beyond even meager instruction. Certainly he is reluctant to listen to advice. His punches, badly executed, are an abomination, and his "bottom" or "heart" is quite circumspect when he is in with a professional. But, ah, the physical Oscar. Begin at the feet. His feet are flat and dreadfully gnarled. His ankles seem as big as basketballs. A German shoemaker took one look at his feet and shouted: "*Gott in Himmel*." Bonavena also does not have any waist, but he does have an ample belly. He looks like a caricature of an Italian tenor. He has a prognathous jaw, kites for ears and tops all this off with Haight-Asbury hair.

Photographs by Denis Cameron

Hamming it up in Bad Sodan camp, Bonavana was in absurd contrast to the astonished burghers

It was a rare sight watching him train in Bad Soden, a spa at the foot of the Taunus Mountains. The Germans did not know quite what to make of him here, where Mendelssohn's melancholy flowed out of a window of a once lovely house and where Count Leo Tolstoy, very lean and gray with a long white beard and running from death, his ever-present malaise, came for therapeutic baths. Bonavena, day and night, walked with his gang of squealing Argentines, alarming the old women who hoped he would not present himself at one of their evening concerts in the park.

But that kind of music is not his bag. He is a guitar player, and one evening, while gaping out of a window, he laughed convulsively at the scene before him: the musicians standing rigidly on the stage, the string music wafting dreamily over the night air, the leaves tumbling over the walks, the old men walking with canes, the little kids with long blond hair playing, the poplar and fir trees, and finally the old women tapping forefingers on their knees to the music.

"Crasy, man, crasy," Oscar grunted.

Bonavena is not unaware of that condition, because everyone—mistakenly—has at one time or another defined him as just a charming idiot. The trouble is that he is not one. He is an unscrupulous beggar drowning in megalomania who abuses people, and he has abused enough of them to the point where he now owns a clothing store, a restaurant, a nightclub and a barbershop in Argentina. He is also somewhat of a vaudevillian, and quite often in Bad Soden he could be seen doing a Chaplin walk or an off-to-Buffalo shuffle on the streets—that is, when he was not accosting Harold Conrad, vice-president of Sports Action, with this refrain: "Gimme money."

These are Bonavena's favorite words, and he has never stopped uttering them since he first came to the U.S. Jack Singer, who runs a chain of restaurants in New York and Miami—$1.29 a steak—brought him here. Besides eating an inordinate number of steaks, he was a financial and mental problem to Singer who, after Bonavena refused to work a few hours in the kitchen, unloaded him on Dr. Marvin Goldberg for $7,000. Goldberg is a decent, misdirected individual who is enthralled by the glamour of boxing. He is the worst kind of amateur, and therefore a perfect target for an Oscar Bonavena.

"I didn't want to sell the clown to Doc," says Singer. "I did everything to talk him out of it. I even called his wife, but, no, he was dyin' to be burned."

Bonavena obliged him. The doctor got stuck for airplane tickets, car rentals, gigantic phone and restaurant bills and, at times, equipment that was not needed, such as two light bags or two pairs of boxing shoes, two of everything. Bonavena usually took the extra bag or pair of shoes back to Buenos Aires with him. Compounding the bilking, the doctor, blinded by his dream of boxing prominence, seldom received his one-third of Bonavena's purses. Bonavena always pleaded insolvency. Goldberg, of course, remained his rooter. Who could tell? Bonavena might just be the next heavyweight champion of the world. Eventually, even Goldberg had to share his dream. He sold part of his action—which was nothing—to a syndicate composed of a stripper, a jockey and assorted others.

"Nobody had to do any selling," says one member of the syndicate. "Everybody wanted a piece of Oscar."

The syndicate, like Goldberg, Singer and everyone who has ever come in contact with Bonavena, came up mostly empty, too. It was later disbanded.

Wolfgang Mueller has had much more success with Mildenberger. He has cut up a number of excellent purses with his fighter, but Mildenberger's days in boxing are numbered now. Like Bonavena, he was in the tournament on the strength of his rating, which was an egregious error in judgment. His ability has long been suspect, and he, as well as Bonavena, has succeeded in tarnishing the tournament, which surely will gain momentum as it progresses. Charitably, let it be said that when you are lining up an eight-man tournament the fighters have to come from somewhere. This pair just happened to be the most incompetent.

Mildenberger was not particularly rankled by his defeat, and this is not surprising. He is an emotionless, pleasant man who is not warmly embraced by the Germans. They call him a *spiessburger*, which translated means square. He behaved naturally after the fight. He went up to his boardinghouse in Konigstein on top of the Taunus Mountains, where a man who described himself as a panther roaming on a dark night is said to have stopped once and dined. The house and the mountains were enveloped by a Wagnerian mist. Inside, the kitchen was filled with dark, hanging hams and wine bottles and the dining room was quiet and dimly lit. Mildenberger ate and then went to bed. As for Bonavena, he may still have been in his dressing room, sitting there naked, scratching figures on a piece of paper. END

Planted solidly over a sprawled Mildenberger, who was knocked down four times and slipped twice, Bonavena was in no rush to reach neutral corner.

THE CHAMP WAS REALLY LOADED

Carrying a record 172 pounds, Quick Pitch easily won the Rouge Dragon, his sixth straight victory at high weights. He is so good that he may challenge Europe's best hurdlers on their courses next year **by WHITNEY TOWER**

To most U S fans the sport of jumping—either over hurdles or in a steeplechase—generates the same amount of enthusiasm as the antics of the halftime band in football. It's pretty to look at, but let's get on with the main show. Many flat racing enthusiasts are even ignorant of the difference between hurdling and steeplechasing. In hurdling the jumps run about 4½ feet, in steeplechasing they are at least five feet. There are no water jumps in hurdling, and championship races go up to about three miles, those in steeplechasing go up to four miles. For these reasons, the pace in hurdling is faster and horses usually carry less weight.

The jumping sport is virtually owned and conducted by a handful of wealthy patrons and their trainers, most of them refugees from the fox-hunting fields who spend their time pursuing small purses at country meetings from South Carolina to New Jersey and the occasional stakes pot to be found at four major eastern tracks, Delaware Park, Monmouth, Saratoga and Aqueduct. The jumper himself, usually an aged gelding, seldom appeals to American audiences. (In Europe a champion 'chaser like Arkle may become a national hero.)

For years the aloof hunt-and-jump set blamed its unpopularity on lack of publicity, instead of admitting that what was really needed was an end to the monopoly of a few owners and the monotony of watching the same small fields tackle each other every other week. But when new owners and trainers *were* invited to come in, the invitation by the Establishment was more often than not extended the way the French open the door for American horses to run in the major Paris classics. "We want you to come, but we don't want you to win."

Luckily, horses know nothing of all this, and some new owners and jumping trainers couldn't care less. And this summer we have a new, tremendously exciting jumping star in our midst. His name is Quick Pitch, and he may be the best hurdler ever seen in this country. Quick Pitch is a big, catlike 7-year-old chestnut gelding with a wild white eye and a fighting, kicking disposition. He also has blazing speed and faultlessly smooth action over a jump. His owner, comparatively new to the jumping game but a man who has dabbled in a minor way in racing for 10 years, is 56-year-old Fortune Peter Ryan, the retired president of the Royal McBee Corporation. His trainer is his brother, 47-year-old E. (for Edward) Barry Ryan, a veteran horseman, a frankly outspoken critic of what he considers to be wrong with the U S racing scene in general (SI, June 8, 1964) and the first to admit he still knows little about the jumping game. "Hell," says Barry Ryan, "I'm a green hand with a green horse. This is the first jumper I've ever trained, and I really shouldn't have him. He was a top runner on grass on the flats. When we watched him age a bit we either had to drop him down in class—which I hated to do with a horse who held the American record for a mile and five-eighths—or else turn him into a jumper. I went to Pete Bostwick, who is as good a man with jumpers as you'll find, and said, 'Pete, he may be good, but I don't know anything about it. Will you train him?' Bostwick said he trained only for members of his family and turned me down. So I said, hell, I'll train him myself. But I'd never try it again!'"

The last member of the new team is Quick Pitch's current rider, 27-year-old James Mahoney, eight years away from the horsy village of Kilcullen, less than two miles from Ireland's famous Curragh in County Kildare. Mahoney, who packs 142 pounds into a compact 5′ 2″ frame,

Quick Pitch had no trouble at any jump but the last, where he bobbled but swiftly recovered

has twinkling blue-gray eyes and, since his first ride aboard Quick Pitch, "a grin on him like a jackass eating sweetbrier," according to Barry Ryan. Faced with competition from such top riders here as Joe Aitcheson, Tommy Walsh and Doug Small, Mahoney has had his first real break with Quick Pitch. They get along so well that the young Irishman comes to the Ryan barn at Belmont Park every day just to pat his horse on the nose. "The scene would make you cry," says Barry. "But this horse is bold and quick, and he needs a bold and quick rider. Mahoney has that rugged Irish optimism and he's brave as a bloody lion. He'll win any brawl he's in, and he'll ride anything."

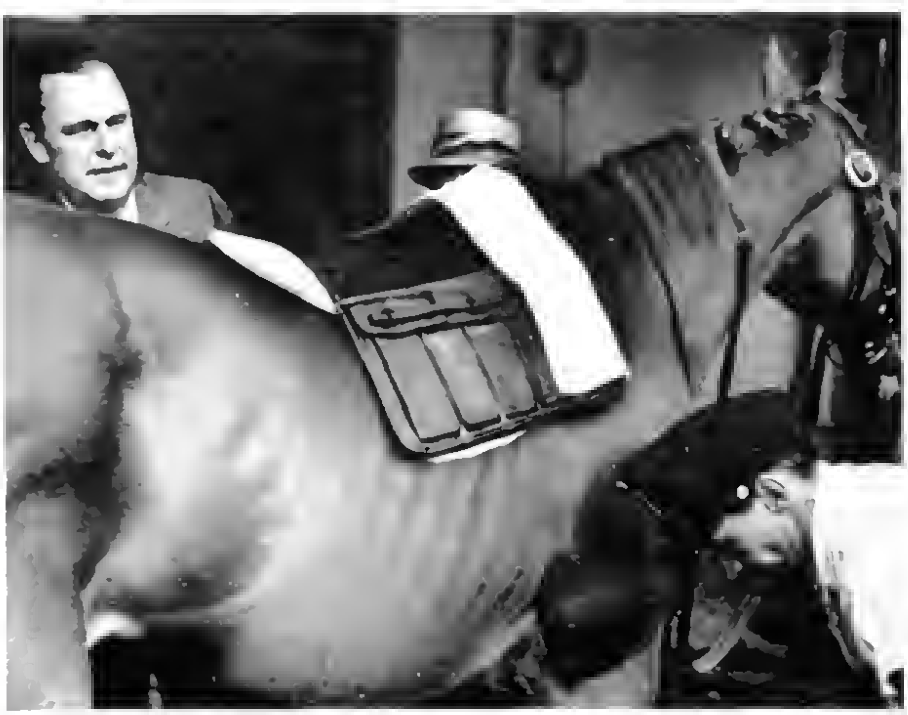
So far the new combination has done wonders. Quick Pitch has won his last six races (in the first three he was ridden by Ronald Armstrong) and has broken records everywhere. After setting a track record for two miles and a 16th at Aqueduct and winning the Midsummer Hurdle at Monmouth, he won again at two miles and a 16th under the record weight of 170 pounds at Saratoga, setting another record as he coasted home 18 lengths in front. Last week at Aqueduct he was faced with the hardest test of his career, as Racing Secretary Jack Cooper assigned him 172 pounds for the 2½ mile Rouge Dragon Handicap. The next highest weight was 144 pounds, and one of the five opponents who lined up against him was in with only 131.

Weights, of course, are what make handicaps work. The better a horse is—or the better he is thought to be—the more he will be asked to carry in order to equalize the field's chances. Still, 172 pounds is unusually high. The highest weight carried by a winner of the Champion Hurdle at England's Cheltenham (which is where Quick Pitch may well wind up next March) is 168 pounds. The world's record for this sort of thing, incredible as it may seem, is 220 pounds, carried in Toulouse, France in 1945 by a horse named La Bise. "The comparison between the U.S. and European weights is a little academic," says Cooper. "Over there the pace is so much slower, and many hurdlers go even slower than brush [steeplechase] horses, so it's like trying to compare peanuts to popcorn. I know that no winning hurdler in the U.S. has ever carried more than Quick Pitch." Before the Rouge Dragon, Owner Peter Ryan walked into the Aqueduct paddock, shook hands with Handicapper Cooper, and cracked, "Thanks for the compliment, but don't be so nice to us from now on!"

Then the retired typewriter man, who bred Quick Pitch himself, by his own Charlevoix out of a Questionnaire mare named The Ghizeh (who cost all of $7,500), stood back nervously as brother Barry saddled the fiery old gelding. Jim Mahoney strutted out in Ryan's Yale-blue silks, and Barry asked him what he weighed. "I've been atryin' to get up to 145, what with nibblin' between meals and takin' a bit of beer," replied Mahoney, "but I only got to 142 today." To make up the assigned weight of 172 pounds, Mahoney used an especially heavy 12-pound saddle (some used by flat riders weigh less than one pound) and nine pounds of lead on each side of the pad under the saddle itself.

At the start of the Rouge Dragon, carrying the 172 pounds as easily as Mahoney carries his beer, Quick Pitch darted to the front, and he stayed there. "All the way he was jumping like a bird," said Mahoney later. When one challenger would make a mild run at him, Mahoney would open up again, and he went into the last of the 14 jumps 12 lengths ahead of Baird Brittingham's Gay Sparkle (137 pounds). The cheers from Aqueduct's regulars—hardly jumping enthusiasts—grew as Quick Pitch went into that 14th jump. Suddenly they turned to groans as he cleared the fence and bobbled slightly. But he recovered and straightened out for the run home. He crossed the line 16 lengths in front, with a new track record (his third this year) of 4:30⅗ for the 2½ miles. "He took off a little wrong on that one jump," said Mahoney. "Nine horses out of 10 would make a mistake like that after going two miles, and it would take them another 16th to get back in stride. This horse is like a cat the way he recovers so fast. How can anyone say he is not a classic horse?"

The immediate future for Quick Pitch is the New York Turf Writers Cup on October 26, and Handicapper Cooper probably will slap two or three more pounds on him to keep that race from becoming another rout. Then, says Barry Ryan, "If we don't make a brush horse out of him, we'll send him to England's fine trainer, Fred Winter, and point for Cheltenham and the French classics. Winter wrote to me the other day and closed with 'I'm keeping his room dusted, just in case.'" **END**



Trainer Ryan supervised as lead pad with 18 pounds went in place under 12-pound saddle

IN 20 FATAL MINUTES

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE

AUSTRALIA'S TRY WAS DOOMED

In the first race for the America's Cup, 'Dame Pattie' was in contention briefly. Then 'Intrepid'—with better sails, hull and crew—smashed her

by CARLETON MITCHELL

For the first 20 minutes of the first windward leg of the first race the outcome of the 20th challenge for the America's Cup remained in reasonable doubt. Jock Sturrock, at the helm of the Australian 12-meter sloop *Dame Pattie*, started slightly to leeward and ahead of Bus Mosbacher on *Intrepid*, the American defender. Both skippers had their wind clear and could concentrate on getting their boats moving through steep, confused seas. Offshore the hurricane known as Doria was generating long swells, and a fresh northeasterly wind was putting tops on them. After a summer of foggy calm during the trials, the weather gods were providing a real test for the opening cup match.

At first the two yachts held even, almost as though they were attached to the same invisible towline. Silhouetted against a sky of cloudless blue, on a sea of darker blue laced with whitecaps, they provided a moment of beauty and excitement. Then several depressing truths became evident. *Dame Pattie* was heeling more than her rival, burying her lee rail deeply and scooping crests into her cockpit. At the same time she had begun to plunge violently, driving her bow into oncoming seas and shoveling them across her foredeck in cascades. Moreover, her sails of Australian fabric, an important question mark before the race, were now revealed as not up to the stresses imposed by the power of a modern 12. As one observer commented afterward, "You could almost see them go out of shape." The draft moved aft in the jib, spilling air into a mainsail that was too full except along the leech, a combination that

continued

To thousands of spectators on all manner of craft, the important thing was not so much the one-sided race as being part of the action.

not only killed *Dame Pattie*'s drive but contributed to her heeling angle.

As the *Dame*'s weaknesses revealed themselves, *Intrepid* seemed to be going along on rails. In the first real heavy-weather test of her career, she translated into visible reality the abstruse calculations of Designer Olin Stephens, who had prophesied that she would be at her best when it blew. Her stability was remarkable, a virtue achieved by keeping all necessary weight as low as possible. *Intrepid*'s coffee grinders and crewmen were belowdecks, and all unnecessary weight in her hull and rig had been pared to the vanishing point in order to concentrate it in her lead keel. Her short ends not only contributed to this stability, but lessened any tendency she might have had to plunge. Rarely did white water come over her bow.

Aloft, *Intrepid*'s sails provided the drive necessary to slash through the turbulence below. Sails provide the horsepower for a racing yacht, and Sail Cutter Ted Hood had harnessed a whole stable of stallions for the defender. It was later revealed that *Intrepid*'s mainsail was of 7.5-ounce fabric, against 12-ounce material in the *Dame*'s. Although Hood sailcloth is available in Australia, the secret of the amazing fabric on *Intrepid* remains locked in Hood's brain.

Gradually but inexorably the relative position of the two boats changed as *Intrepid* forged ahead, moving to the point where her wind shadow fell on *Dame Pattie*. There was nothing for Sturrock to do but tack. He did so and added a few more tacks in the hope of wriggling clear, but it gained him nothing. He held on, while *Intrepid* continued to eat slowly out to windward and away. It was a familiar pattern to me in America's Cup competition. I glanced at my watch and found that 20 minutes had elapsed since the start. At that instant I felt certain that unless a miracle occurred, the Victorian pitcher taken from England by the schooner *America* in 1851 was destined once more to remain on its pedestal in the New York Yacht Club.

Such oversimplification is not intended to belittle Australia's truly magnificent effort to produce a worthy challenger. But since 1958 I have been a close-in follower of every final trial race and cup match, and I have yet to see it fail: the boat that has a decisive edge to windward in tough conditions has it everywhere else as well—except perhaps in a drifting match. On *Intrepid*, as on past winners, it seemed to result from cumulative efficiency in all departments: a hull that moved through the water more easily, aerodynamically perfect sails, better sail-handling equipment, a cleaner rig, gear less prone to failure, better helmsmanship and cockpit savvy, even a sharper deck organization, which proved itself in the cleaner handling of spinnakers.

The same factors that make a boat superior in a fresh wind hold true in moderate weather, in my experience, even though they are less evident. In previous years the curtain has been raised on the cup drama in zephyrs. The losing crew's cry then has always been, "Just wait until we get a blow." Each time the boat wanting wind has been clobbered worse than before when she got it. This time *Dame Pattie*, admittedly a yacht designed for lighter airs, was getting her baptism in nearly the maximum conditions under which 12s could be raced. The race committee had announced several days before that a start would be made if the tugs serving as stake boats could be anchored—and that was about it.

Yet, as I watched this first race, I felt that the second Australian challenger, like the first, was going down in defeat, not in disgrace. Veteran ocean racer Dick Bertram was standing at my side. He has been a close follower of 12-meter racing since he was in charge of *Vim*'s foredeck in '58, and he echoed my thoughts when he commented, "*Dame Pattie* is sailing better with *Intrepid* in these conditions than any American contender would be." It seemed to both of us that she could give *Intrepid* plenty of trouble, and even win races, if they met in really light airs and calm seas.

The races, like the trials, were sailed over a 24.3-mile Olympic course, shaped like a squat isosceles triangle, with the base lying along the wind. Since this leg is sailed three times to windward in every race, 55% of the course is to weather.

In the first race *Dame Pattie* lost 1 minute 50 seconds on the first windward leg, 1 minute 36 seconds the next time it was sailed, but only 52 seconds on the final beat to the finish. Significantly, she did better as the breeze lightened from the mid-20s in the early stages to some 15 knots near the end. Combined with lesser losses downwind, the day's margin was 5 minutes 58 seconds. As Norman Wright, *Dame Pattie*'s navigator, summed it up after the race: "We were fairly and squarely beaten by a better boat and better sails." He added, "We hope for less wind tomorrow."

On the second day it seemed that the Aussies would get their wish. A spectator fleet of more than 500 assorted craft streamed out of Newport Harbor in crisp fall sunshine to be met by long swells but little wind. In fact, the race committee postponed the start, waiting for the breeze to make up its mind. When the signals were hoisted at last, they were once again for a course of 75°. Again, after very little preliminary jockeying, both boats started near the buoy on the starboard tack, with *Dame Pattie* to leeward.

In only seven knots of wind and with no cresting sea to bother her, the *Dame* moved better. This time, instead of sagging, she began to squeeze up. At the end of six minutes she had arrived at the point of backwinding her rival, and Bus tacked away. On the ensuing port tack the *Dame* seemed to be pointing higher, while *Intrepid* footed faster. From astern, it was hard to tell which was ahead until *Intrepid* came about. This time Bus took the initiative not because of disturbed wind but to take advantage of a slight header. When *Intrepid* crossed ahead of the *Dame* and camped on her wind, it was the signal for Jock Sturrock to inaugurate a tacking duel.

Aboard *Dame Pattie* backs bent and arms flailed as crewmen on deck cranked coffee grinders and tailed genoa sheets in the familiar organized confusion. In contrast, *Intrepid* looked oddly tranquil. The same frantic activity was going on aboard her, but most of it was hidden belowdecks. Six times the two boats came about as quickly as they could gather way. Then *Dame Pattie* made a move that turned out to be the climax of the race.

In hope of being able to clear his wind by luring *Intrepid* into a new tack while he stayed on the old one, Jock tried a false tack—going head to wind, as though coming about, but then falling back. Unfortunately for the strategy, *Intrepid*'s Vic Romagna was assigned to watch Sturrock's every move. When Jock stopped grinding his wheel over as he would for a real tack, Vic spotted it immediately and tipped off Bus. Mosbacher lazily brought *Intrepid* head

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to wind, took advantage of her shoot, and just as lazily swung her back to cover. She never dropped below six knots on the speed indicator, but *Dame Pattie* lay almost dead in the water. Olin Stephens once defined the ability to accelerate as "one of the imponderables of yacht design," yet he somehow manages to achieve it in each new hull. With this ability to accelerate, coupled with the speed she was able to maintain, *Intrepid* simply leaped away.

Before the defender rounded the first mark 53 seconds ahead, the breeze had begun to freshen and the sea to build. On the second and third weather legs conditions resembled the previous day. Yet *Dame Pattie* gained seven seconds on one and lost only 13 seconds on the other. Had she been able to keep up or gain downwind, she might have been able to stay within striking distance, but a poor selection of spinnakers plus poor spinnaker handling compared to the flawless sets and jibes of *Intrepid* cost the *Dame* distance on the reaches, while she deliberately gambled on a wind shift by tacking to leeward on the run. "If you're running second," explained Norm Wright later, "you might as well try something different." So the *Dame* ended up second by 3 minutes 36 seconds, a much greater margin than she might have lost by.

It was now obvious that the only hope of the Aussies lay in less wind, and they were perfectly candid in saying so. They elected to race the following day after receiving a forecast of light to moderate breezes coupled with diminished seas. But with hurricanes playing around offshore, the crystal ball of the meteorologists was even more clouded than usual. When the fleet assembled at the starting buoy on Thursday, there was almost a repeat of conditions on the opening day. A fresh northeaster caused a vicious cross-chop of sea to run across roller-coaster swells.

The start was a replay of the two previous ones, each skipper in his favorite position: Jock to leeward with his wind clear, Bus to windward where he would be free to tack when he pleased. As soon as both were in the groove, the difference in angle of heel was as startling as the amount of solid water *Dame Pattie* was taking aboard. Jock said afterward that three men had been kept busy pumping most of the way around the course. With little delay, *Intrepid* began opening out to windward and ahead. It came as a surprise to most spectators when *Intrepid* tacked first, but Navigator Toby Tobin had spotted a wind shift that enabled her to lay the mark. *Dame Pattie* followed immediately, and on a long port tack the two sailed into the weirdest obstruction ever seen on an America's Cup course. Dead ahead of *Intrepid* a Coast Guard helicopter hovered at the level of the defender's spreaders. Coming closer, it became apparent that the crew of a small capsized sailboat was being rescued. Still Bus held on, reluctant to give way. At the last moment, when it looked from astern as though the top of the defender's mast might be chopped off by the aircraft's whirling rotor blades, he bore away sharply, taking quite a knockdown from the downdraft.

Unfortunately, it was the last excitement of the day. *Intrepid* pulled steadily ahead, gaining on every leg but one, the first reach, when the *Dame* got back one second. In four races, adding up to a total of 24 legs, the challenger was faster on only three—for a total gain of 1 minute 37 seconds. The margin at the finish of this one was 4 minutes 41 seconds, more than half a mile in distance. It was not a rout, as anyone will see by going back over the result of the trials, when *Intrepid* had regularly handed out defeats of similar or greater magnitude—and in weather that favored her less. Yet it was certainly a decisive victory, and one demonstrating a superiority that could not be overcome—except perhaps in radically different conditions.

After the race, asked what those conditions might be, Jock Sturrock replied, "*Dame Pattie* was designed to be at her best in winds of 12 to 14 knots, but she may be better in 8 to 10." Since the Aussies had requested a lay-day in the face of a forecast of 25 knots, Jock was then asked if he hoped for 10 knots on Saturday. With a wry grin he said, "Five knots might be better."

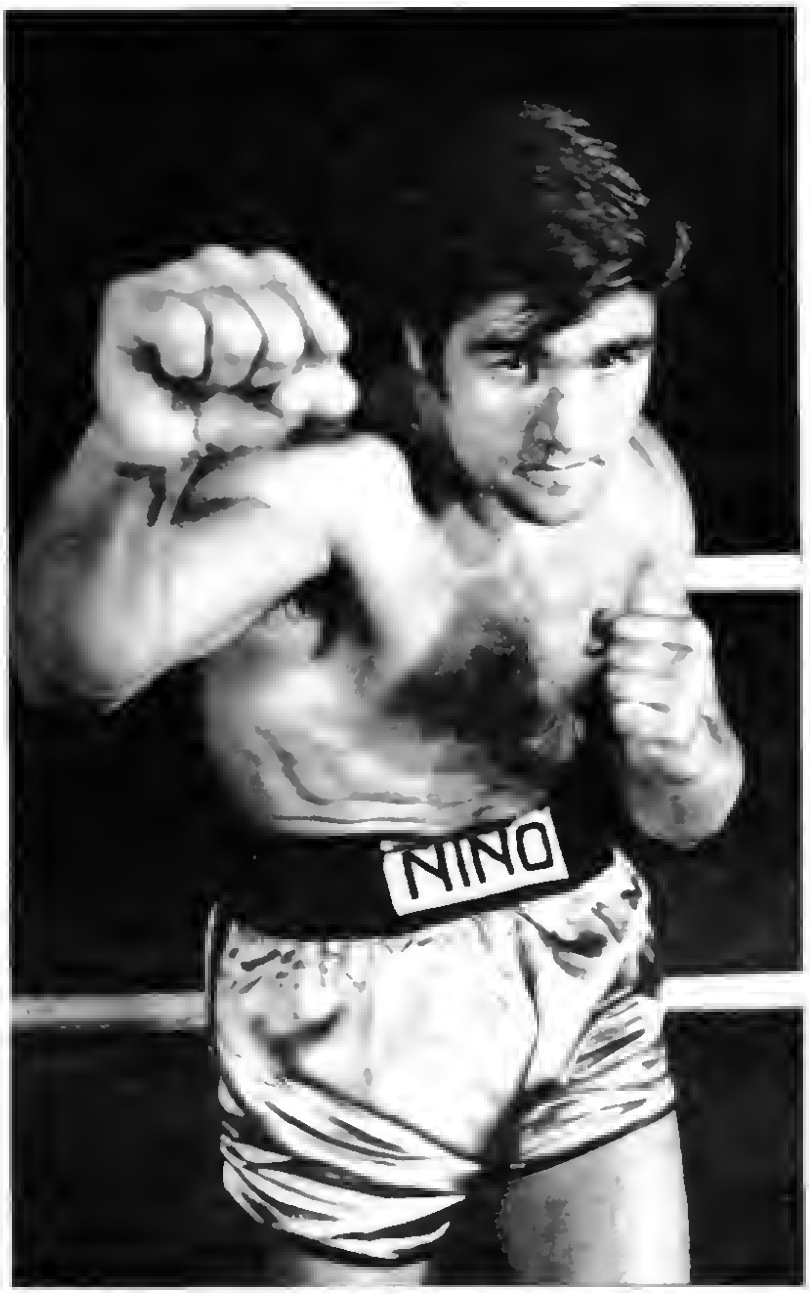
For years I have listened to the theory that the best chance a challenging nation might have to take home the cup would be to tailor a boat specifically for winds at one end or the other of the weather spectrum—in other words, to create a light-air flyer or a real powerhouse. If, the theory goes, the challenging nation could gamble on a boat built for such special conditions and was lucky enough to get them, it might well beat a defender that would have to be an all-round performer to win the American trials.

When *Dame Pattie* arrived, there was considerable speculation that Designer Warwick Hood might have gambled on the assumption that it rarely blew hard off Newport in September. But he picked the wrong year. On Saturday gale warnings were flying. On Sunday, although the wind dropped, the fleet was kept bottled in the harbor by fog. But on Monday, after a start delayed for two hours by more fog, *Intrepid* took the final race in a moderate breeze by a margin of 3 minutes 35 seconds.

Although the weather this year played a considerable part in the proceedings, it should not be allowed to obscure the fact that Australia produced a very fine and advanced 12-meter yacht. Outsiders cannot realize that the technological requirements are of almost space-age complexity. For *Dame Pattie*, Australian industry for the first time fabricated such exotic items as bar rigging and extruded aluminum masts some 80 feet tall. So well did they succeed in all departments that it can be safely said that the Australians, on only the second try, came up with a vessel at least the equal of any 12-meter yacht ever built anywhere in the world—until *Intrepid* was launched.

Once again the quiet man with the pencil, Olin Stephens, combined art and science to produce a masterpiece. Earlier this season, looking over *Intrepid* with Olin, I asked him if he thought he could create anything faster. "Each boat is a step," he said. "Even before it is finished you can see changes that should make the next one do better."

Thus I agree with John Livingston, the Australian who shared in the building of *Kurrewa V* as part of the last British challenge. One day as we were talking together Olin walked past. "Good morning, Olin. How are you feeling?" demanded John. "Fine. Never better," replied Olin with a grin. John Livingston explained to me, "America will never lose the cup so long as he's around to design a defender. So every time I see him I ask how he feels." But potential challengers might also check on the health of that even quieter man with the looms and the sewing machine, Ted Hood. Then, of course, there are Bus Mosbacher and his 10 stalwart crewmen: when they are all in wheelchairs, I think someone else may have a chance to lift the cup. **END**



TALL AND SPARE, THE CLEVER BENVENUTI MAY SEEM FRAGILE. HIS PUNCH DOES NOT

SPIRITUALLY SET FOR A NEW GO

Middleweight Champion Nino Benvenuti has his Beethoven, Challenger Emile Griffith his apples-peaches-pumpkin-pie mother. In a close matchup, the heavier Italian should win

by GILBERT ROGIN

Here's the plan. On the evening of September 28 Aldo DiBelardino, who is known as Mr. Di, will drive Nino Benvenuti (*see cover*) to Shea Stadium to defend his middleweight title against Emile Griffith. Mr. Di is the proprietor of the Villaggio Italia, a resort hotel in Haines Falls, N.Y., in the Catskills, where Benvenuti has been training and which evidently was designed to evoke the old country; for example, a gondola is moored in a little pond, several fluted columns stand about in simulation of ruins and there are *bidets* in many of the rooms. En route to the stadium Mr. Di will put Beethoven's *Ninth* on the tape deck. Last April, when he drove Benvenuti to Madison Square Garden for the first Griffith fight, Mr. Di played the *Ninth*, too. According to Mr. Di, Benvenuti was so affected he exclaimed, "I've already won the fight."

With the possible exception of the *Fifth*, the *Ninth* is Benvenuti's favorite Beethoven symphony. "I associate it with all the happy things in my life," he said the other day while, attired in black bikini undershorts, he studied English by the Villaggio pool. The communi-chezion is not clear. Wat' Bicose. "Particularly," he continued, "near the end of the first movement when the violins come in. It relaxes me."

Benvenuti is not superstitious, the replay is Mr. Di's idea. Nor is Benvenuti in need of tranquillity. "It may not be an easier fight," he said, "but it will be a quiet fight. I have more peace of mind. Before I didn't know what I was going against. Even though I was sure of myself it was an adventure, a mystery. Now it is a reality. Griffith is Griffith. I've seen everything he can do. If he could have done better he would have done so during the fight. He may change, but it will be in a very limited way—fight a little dirtier, be more aggressive, but that's the extent of it."

"Griffith is a guy who tries to confuse, to con, but he doesn't learn from his previous fights," said Libero Golinelli,

BROADLY MUSCLED GRIFFITH, SMALLER THAN BENVENUTI, HAS HAD FEW KOs LATELY

Benvenuti's trainer, who was reclining on an adjoining chaise, working on his suntan. "He's not an intelligent fighter. Griffith knows only one way, like a horse with blinkers on. Forward!"

"Griffith is always Griffith," said Benvenuti, getting up. "You know, for years I wondered what sort of person *I* would be when *I* became champion. I don't see any change in my character. What has changed is other people." He went to the diving board and did a front one-and-a-half, which turned out to be more like one-and-three-quarters, and a back one-and-a-half with much the same result. Then he swam 10 laps in the icy water.

By tradition, fighters are not supposed to swim. The theory is that boxing and swimming make different demands on the muscles, and it is therefore deleterious to indulge in both. For instance, Griffith says that Gil Clancy, his co-manager and trainer, won't even let him "soak a little bit." Golinelli scoffs at this prohibition. "Swimming is a beautiful sport," he says. "It does good for Nino's spirit."

Golinelli, who, among other things, was the jitterbug champion of his division in the Italian army, is very big on spirituality. "In my opinion," he says, "American trainers stay on the old system. But today is not like 30 years ago. You have to go with the times, try to understand the boys of today. You have to attract them with gimmicks or they don't want to work. You have to take care of the spiritual side of a fighter. Thirty years ago fighters were uncomplicated. Now, because they are complicated you have to combat the boredom."

In Golinelli's sense Nino Benvenuti is a very complicated cat. As he says: "Sometimes I have to be reminded to be interested in boxing, because the other activities interfere and I can't resist them. I have to give satisfaction to my own temperament." For example, he recently completed his autobiography, entitled *Io Sono*. On his night table are three paperbacks: *Il Compagno Don Camillo* by Guareschi and *Pian della Tortilla* and *Uomini e Topi* by Steinbeck. "They're just light reading," he says. "I don't pretend to be an intellectual. I read because I enjoy reading. I'm sorry that I can't paint. I love it. I tried, but . . . I have so many paintings, mostly contemporary Italian. After the last fight a friend gave me a Picasso sketch. If I beat Griffith again he will give me another one."

To keep his fighter amused, Golinelli had him train in different settings. First he spent 10 days in the gym in Bologna, then he went to Lizano, 2,325 feet up in the Apennines, for 22 days, which Golinelli says was ideal for "footing" or roadwork, next to the beach at Rimini for five days, the Atlantic crossing on the *Raffaello* provided yet another change of scene. "On the ship we never used the air conditioner," says Golinelli, who is a fresh-air nut. "We want to breathe the pure air from the sea." Golinelli is also a food faddist, at the moment he has Benvenuti on a yogurt kick. Moreover, Golinelli is an advocate of yoga. At one point in his workout Benvenuti and the other fighters in camp,

continued

who all wear sweat suits advertising Supermereato Mobili, a furniture store, sit in a ring about Golinelli and, at his command, assume four yoga positions. They are supposed to think, Golinelli says with a degree of fervor, of "*niente, niente, niente*. Yoga," he adds, "reposes the mind and nervous system."

Benvenuti intends to fight Griffith in much the same manner as before. "I will try to keep him far away," he says, "In close he's dangerous with the head." However, Golinelli has several refinements in mind. "Nino was too much with the left hook," he says. "Griffith comes in low so it always went over his head." Golinelli is trying to get Benvenuti to throw a left uppercut to complement the right uppercut he used so well in the first fight and to follow it up with a right hook, a curiously neglected punch.

As Benvenuti implied, the principal reason he won in April was that Griffith was unable to reach him. Besides having an advantage in reach, Benvenuti would jab Griffith—or, as often, feint a jab—then spring back out of range. Now and then he would take a stand and catch Griffith coming in—frequently with the right uppereut. But Benvenuti not only beat Griffith outside, he beat him inside, which is where Griffith has won so many fights. Benvenuti did not let Griffith lean his head on his chest and bang away with both hands; he tied him up or, as they say, outstrengthed him. Since he could not reach Benvenuti with most of his jabs or get off inside, Griffith resorted to lunging right leads that occasionally got over Benvenuti's low left, most impressively midway in the fourth round, when Griffith knocked him down. Unaccountably, Griffith failed to follow up, throwing but eight worthless punches in the remaining half of the round and, as he fell behind, he got-right-hand happy and, when these punches failed to land, futilely grappled over the last four or five rounds.

"I guess," Griffith says, "I just decided I was going to go the distance."

As he said recently while watching *The Flintstones* in his room at the Concord, where he is training, "It was my fourth lousiest fight." The Concord is in Kiamesha Lake, N.Y., in the Borscht Belt, which is actually heralded by billboards advertising borscht—regular and no-cal. The Concord is supposedly the biggest resort hotel in the world and *all* you hear there are superlatives. Three carloads of dishes are broken every year. The bar is so long that the people at the far end pay in Canadian money. The artist in residence claims that his pastels "when properly framed will last over 200 years." "It was my fault," Griffith went on. "I took him lightly. The gentleman beat me and may he reign until the 28th of the month. I went to pieces. I looked like an amateur. I was me and I wasn't me. Some things happen you can't explain. When I knocked the gentleman down I was backing up. I seldom back up for anyone. I was lunging. I didn't throw punches in the clinches. The gentleman got away with little moves, et cetera and whatnot. He made me look like a bum. I was so anxious to hit him, I admit it. A bum. The gentleman went home. They gave him a big celebration. That's why I've got to beat him. So New York will respect me.

"I'm a spoiled little monster. But I'm no goddam butterfly. I'm proud. Any little thing offends me, turns me on a little bit. But being proud makes me more disciplined in my work. I'm trying so doggone hard to do everything right, to be this perfect fighter Gil wants me to be. In my younger days I was a carefree guy. Then I used to lie in bed and say 'Heck, what am I doing?' I used to wish all kind of craziness would happen, that the fight would be postponed. But if I wasn't a fighter, what would I be? Head of the office at the hat factory making $150 a week? I'm glad Howie [Howard Albert, a milliner who is Griffith's co-manager] looked at me that hot day and entered me in the Golden Gloves. And that I turned pro. No one likes to get hit, but if you're going to get hit in the schnauzer get a bit of moolah for it.

"I'm just thinking of myself. I don't give a hoot who digs me as long as my mother—my apples-peaches-pumpkin-pie Chubby Checker mother—digs me. I do everything for her. I need that title back. I'm going to get it back. I feel cheap without it. I'm glad the gentleman's over here in one piece. I'm glad he's given me a chance. That I call him a gentleman for. But he better not gouge me in the eyes anymore. It was so *broad*.

"I'm going to knock him out. I've got to start knocking people on their pants. People think I can't punch no more." He held up his hands, blotting out Fred Flintstone. "These little hands of mine carry so much power," he said musingly. "These little, skinny things."

"He's going to fight like Emile Griffith this time," Clancy promises. "He's going to throw combinations, keep him busy, move his hands all the time, not let him feint for two minutes every round. Benvenuti gave everything that night. It was a supereffort for him. For Emile it was one of his lesser efforts. This time Emile will make *him* do what *he* wants."

What Clancy has been telling Griffith during his sparring sessions is even more indicative of the kind of fight Clancy wants him to make:

"Your hands are free. I don't want you to relax in there. Push him off. Use your shoulder if you have to. Couple of hooks underneath. Forget the right hand. You're ducking punches that aren't being thrown. You're winding up before you punch. Just drop them in. There's no such thing as half a combination. You got to make him punch. Give him your head, but move it. Automatic combination. There's nothing to think about. How can you leave yourself hanging out there? The hook has got to come back automatic. Hooks follow right hands. Move your hands like a freight train. No one's holding them. Don't try to strength with him. Relax and move your hands. What happened? Don't hesitate. Once you make your move—do it."

Despite Griffith's protestations that Clancy and Syd Martin "are like sharks and hawks on me," his spiritual needs are not being neglected. Martin is Griffith's handler and asserts that in his youth he was a foremost backward runner. "I used to run backward in Yankee Stadium, Soldier Field," he says sonorously. "I'd challenge everybody, beat everyone. Bojangles was a leading exponent of backward running. The secret of the whole thing is to keep abreast of that curb and don't be afraid of taking a spill."

Griffith gets his uplift by watching the cartoons on TV, playing gin rummy, going to Monticello Raceway and frugging in front of the juke box in the Concord's Nite Owl Lounge. "I'm not used to

continued

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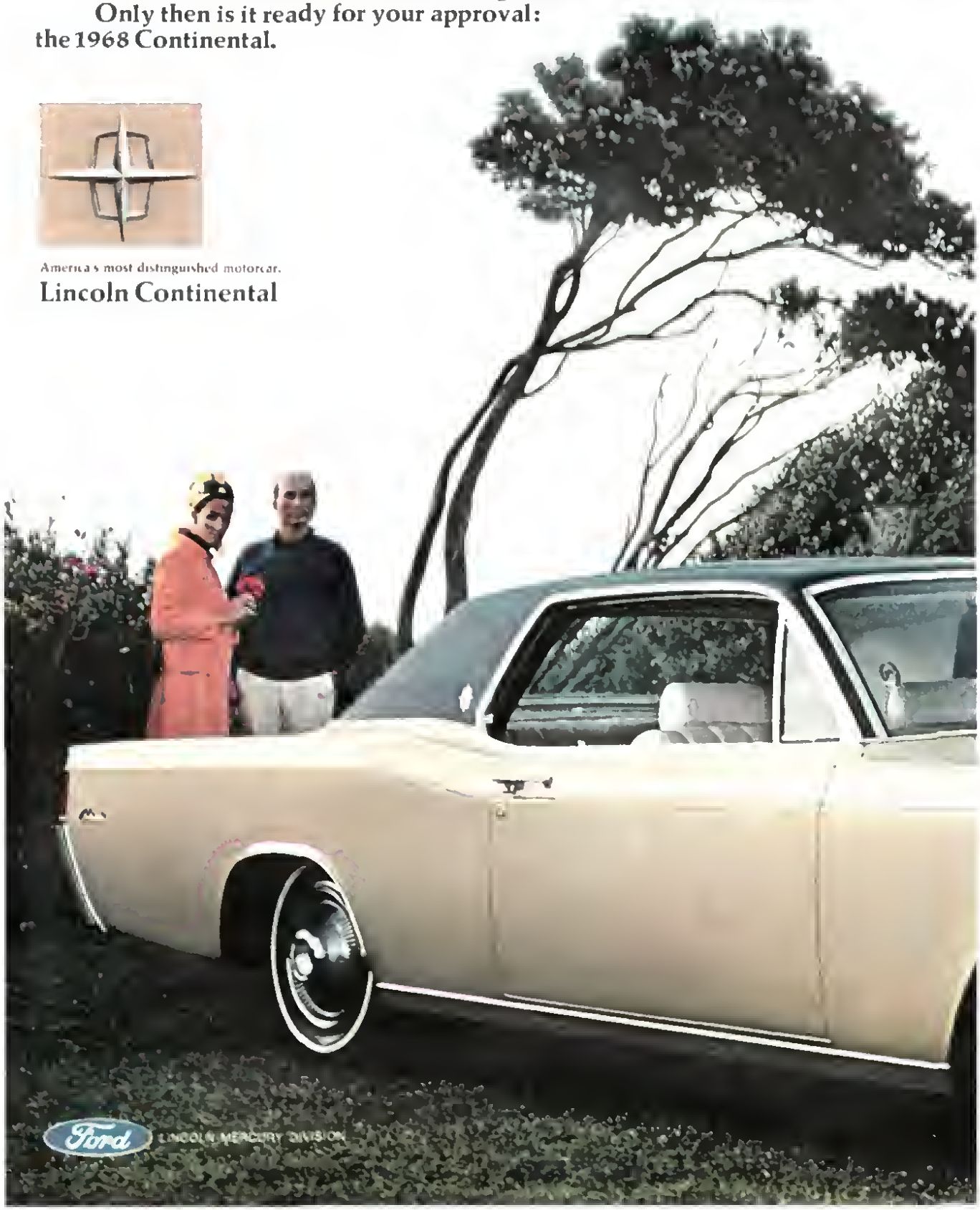

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isolation," he says. "The way I go is ridiculous."

But the major spiritual experience of Griffith's stay at the Concord was the foot race (frontward) between Clancy and Mr. Forbes of Forbes Industries. Mr. Forbes is more widely known as Griffith's cousin Bernard, the character who intemperately leads the cheering section when Griffith fights in the Garden. The transformation of Bernard into Mr. Forbes of Forbes Industries, a wealthy eccentric—in fact, the black Howard Hughes—whose hobby is prize-fighting, was Clancy's doing. Now, whenever Bernard, smelling very sweet from after-shave, strolls into the Nite Owl, the bartenders sing out: "Long-distance telephone call for Mr. Forbes. Phoenix calling, Mr. Forbes. Your call from Detroit, Mr. Forbes." Clancy has inquired of a number of the guests whether they happened to recall the article in LIFE on Mr. Forbes. "I remember it," one old lady told Clancy, "You know, he's made millions."

"I believe it myself," Bernard says. "Everybody looking at me. I'm scared to walk around."

Griffith was the starter for the Clancy-Mr. Forbes race, which took place in the Concord's indoor tennis courts.

"On your mark," he said.

"Hold everything," Bernard said. "Suppose he beats me."

Which Clancy did, and Forbes Industries went down 10 points.

Spiritually, then, Griffith and Benvenuti seem to be equally well prepared, although Griffith might be more determined. Physically, he is possibly stronger, but his true fighting weight is 152, no matter what he weighs in at, while Benvenuti is a proper middleweight, and the eight-pound drag has got to tell. Benvenuti is the more various fighter; Griffith may be a harder hitter but he has not been knocking anyone out lately. Dreamwise, they look pretty even. During the past few weeks Griffith has had a reeurrent dream in which he is fighting Benvenuti, cutting him up so severely that his face is streaming with blood. The bell rings—but concluding what round?—and Benvenuti turns his back, presumably heading for his corner. "I always wake up then," Griffith says. "I sit up in bed, and I'm in a cold sweat. I'm dripping wet." For his part, Benvenuti says he has often dreamed of seeing himself and Griffith separately in a great crowd, perhaps on a street. "I observe both our faces," he says. "Griffith has a sad expression. Myself, I am looking happy."

The odds for the first fight were 13 to 5 Griffith, they are now 6 to 5 pick 'em, which may well be a reflection of the wagering, but having beaten Griffith once Benvenuti should logically be a slight favorite. So, at the price Benvenuti is the pick. Of course, as apples-peaches-pumpkin pie Chubby Checker mother says, "No Griffith ever lost twice," and there is the indelible memory of Benvenuti doing the dipsy-doo along the ropes in the fourth. But he got up. And there is the *Ninth*. END

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TAHOE'S INCLINE LEANS ON TOTAL SPORT

Once a thriving logging community serving the old Nevada mining towns of Carson City and Virginia City, Incline Village has been launched on a new existence through the impetus of sport. Covering 9,000 acres, spread along three miles of Lake Tahoe's north shore, Incline's architecture is in keeping with the mountain landscape, and the houses and apartments, designed in natural wood, are built into the sheltering trees. The trails of Ski Incline curve down the side of a mountain where a 4,000-foot-long railed tramway once took shoring timbers 1,400 feet up from Lake Tahoe. The golf course, designed by Robert Trent Jones, is green through Tahoe's rainless summer, watered by a thousand sprinklers. There are tennis courts, riding trails and protected beaches with swimming pools; the lake itself, at 6,225 feet, provides a chilly swimming hole.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

A group of condominium apartments (top) on the lake shore was designed by Architect James Morton. The 98 units are linked by crossbeams of unpainted redwood that have been left to weather.

Trapezoid form of gable window is a motif in Warren Callister's design for the Sierra Tahoe Hotel (far left). Redwood and natural gray cement are used inside and out, roofs are shingled.

The Tahoe Racquet Club (left) has six clay courts, a sauna in the pavilion and a swimming pool. It is surrounded by 12 apartments for the use of members, each with a terrace for sunning.

CONTINUED

Beneath the terraces of the apartments a racing craft glides through the lake's protected harbor. Next year the village plans to add a small marina for 50 boats.

Crossed by three trout streams, Incline's golf course is its most spectacular asset. Electric scooters—there are 120 of them—are mandatory at the 7,000-foot altitude.

DEVELOPMENT VS. DESTRUCTION

Tahoe is one of the clearest lakes in the world, a glacial and volcanic marvel. It is so big—21.6 miles long, 12 miles wide, one-third of a mile deep, with 75 twisting miles of shoreline that until recently it seemed immune to despoliation. But already its great green shore is being bulldozed by big-time developers and its blue waters are threatened by spreading algae. The chief problem at Tahoe is the vulnerability of the surrounding land to erosion. Every time a tree is cut down the exposed soil is washed into the streams, and thence into the lake, where the nutrients the soil contains disturb the ecological balance and favor the growth of algae.

Although it is only a couple of miles from the raucous California-Nevada line, with its stucco high rises and neon pizza-and-pancake screams, Incline Village stands as one development whose master plan pleased even the most ardent conservationists. Incline is the brainchild of Art Wood, president of the Crystal Bay Development Co., who hopes to make it the best family recreation area in the world. Wood began by commissioning an 18-hole golf course, now one of the prettiest, greenest and highest in the U.S. It cost $1,700,000 to build, and maintenance comes high, too, since one million gallons of water must be poured over it every night.

Pursuing his goal of "total sport," Wood decided that Incline Village needed a ski area of its own. He called in Luggi Foeger (*left*), who had headed the Yosemite Ski School and landscaped the lodge there, and had just designed the entire lift layout at neighboring Alpine Meadows. The area that Foeger picked out for Ski Incline had a couple of streams crossing it, and one, Incline Creek, had to be moved. This required putting in a 3,000-foot-long culvert to carry the stream underground. The culvert contains small dams throughout to help fish make their way back upstream for spawning. "It cost a lot of money," says Luggi. "But Art said to go ahead and do it—it was just about as easy to do things properly as to do them halfway." By the time Ski Incline opened for business last November, doing things properly had cost $3 million.

Ski Incline is a family resort, with easy trails designed for beginners and intermediate skiers. There are no unpleasant surprises. This spring Luggi planted grass and wild lupine seeds he brought from Yosemite so that the trails would not be bald patches on the mountainside in summer. Slim Davis of the U.S. Forest Service in San Francisco, not normally given to complimenting commercial projects at Tahoe, has said: "Anyone going into a ski venture and layout had better look at Ski Incline first."

With water sports, golf, tennis and horseback riding in summer, skiing in winter and gambling nearby for rainy days, real estate at Incline Village has been selling briskly—at the rate of $1 million a month. A lakefront lot with 100 feet on the water costs $47,500. Half an acre off Lake Tahoe, but with access to it, runs about $35,000. Alongside the golf course a lot costs between $18,500 and $22,500, and the cheapest, in the village itself, are $8,000. Condominium apartments start at $21,500 and go up to $50,000, with a four-bedroom unit costing $34,500.

Wood is deeply conscious of the problems involved in developing Lake Tahoe and severely limits the number of trees that may be removed for building. "You can't build without destroying something," he insists. "But remember, we have more at stake than anyone else."

The Tahoe area, at present administered by two states, five counties and no fewer than 64 governmental departments, undoubtedly will one day be placed under the jurisdiction of one regional planning agency. Until that time, the most hopeful development in a noisy new boom is Incline Village.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

Luggi Foeger, in charge of ski layout at Incline Village, tags trees in planning a new lift. The trail will curve through the area, preserving the natural landscape

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PHOTOGRAPHY: IRV BAHRT

Finally Tennessee State didn't have a prayer

The Tigers call their quarterback, Eldridge Dickey, The Lord's Prayer, but after a long, painful night out West, Dickey was flat on his back and San Diego State was the best small-college team in the U.S.

Yes, it was a small-college football game but, no, it was not a small-college crowd. In fact, everything that San Diego State does in football is big-time nowadays, and to the people of San Diego last Friday night it might as well have been Michigan State against Notre Dame. San Diego State, the defending champion of small-college football, was playing Tennessee State, No. 2 last year, and 45,296 turned out in San Diego's magnificent new stadium to watch the Aztecs win their 17th consecutive game, 16-8, and start moving toward their second national championship in a row.

In defeating Tennessee State, San Diego beat a team that was not only bigger and faster, but one that outnumbered it in pro prospects by about 10 to 5—a statistic unobtainable on the program but readily available from the 17 pro scouts who had a large interest in this small-college contest. The reason the Aztecs were able to win might well have been, as one San Diego coach put it, "We couldn't afford to lose," a statement that could be taken literally.

Overlooking the Mission Valley just east of the city, the San Diego State campus has begun to resemble a factory, which, in a way, is consistent with Coach Don Coryell's football teams—precisioned and indestructible, like Ford or General Motors. In his six full seasons Coryell has won 49 games, lost 10 and tied one at San Diego, and he has also won all the college football fans who are far enough south of Los Angeles not to care whether Gary Beban plays for UCLA or USC.

With his horizons ever expanding, and his stadium already expanded, Coryell foresees offering the $50,000 guarantees needed to lure North Carolina and Maryland—and then the Big Ten teams—into San Diego to play his Aztecs. "We've reached a critical point in our growth," Coryell says. "We've got to move now, while we're in the national spotlight. But it's going to take time. And to stay in the national spotlight the very thing we must *not* do is lose football games."

So it is small wonder that on many a summer night Coryell found himself chilled as he envisioned Eldridge Dickey, Tennessee State's heavenly quarterback whose nickname is The Lord's Prayer, running into the Aztec end zone with the football or throwing it to somebody who was already there. Dickey was the leader of an offense that once scored 83 points on a 1966 opponent and seemed strong enough to do it again.

Coryell, meanwhile, had no proven quarterback. Don Horn, a Little All-

continued

DOWN BUT NOT YET OUT, DICKEY (NO. 10) TRIES TO SAVE BROKEN PLAY WITH A SUDDEN LATERAL TO HALFBACK SAM SMITH (NO. 33)

America who passed for 2,234 yards and 18 touchdowns in 1966, had been the first choice of the Green Bay Packers. In his place Coryell was trying out three rookies, none of whom ran or threw spectacularly well.

Some 1,700 miles away, on a hard, dusty field behind a machine shed on the northwest side of Nashville, Tennessee State had prepared for the biggest game in its history in slightly different fashion. Head Coach John Merritt, who favors softly iridescent suits of gray and brown and drives a 1966 autumn-rust Cadillac, rarely had attended practice. He feels he does not have to. His Tigers, as always, were as loose as the cattle that graze in an adjacent meadow. Their workouts were simple, revolving around the long, quivering passes that Dickey delivered into the hands of receivers 60 yards downfield. Dickey, a handsome young man blessed with a Johnny Unitas arm and Gale Sayers speed, would like to become the first successful Negro quarterback in U.S. professional football—and he may. That is what Merritt has been grooming him for all along. While winning 44 of 50 games at Tennessee State, Merritt has sent 27 players into professional football, but none, he says, has had the potential of Dickey.

As the San Diego game began, Dickey showed he was everything Merritt had hoped and Coryell had feared. He repeatedly moved the Tigers into Aztec territory. However, all he succeeded in doing was to show the San Diego defense that it had hope—for in minute after minute of futility the Tigers never scored.

The first time they had the ball Dickey hit John Robinson on the Aztec 10—but Robinson caught the pass out of bounds. Moments later, following an interception, Dickey fumbled a snap from center on the six, and San Diego State recovered. A few plays later Dickey was back again, hitting Robinson on the Aztec three, but a holding infraction stopped the Tigers.

On the third play of the quarter Dickey finally scored for the Tigers with a touchdown pass to Joe Cooper, but by now San Diego State had swung the momentum in its favor. An Aztec field goal made the score 6–3, and then came the two breaks that decided the game. With third and eight on his 42, Dickey slipped away from a hard rush and delivered a perfect pass into the hands of Halfback Leroy Motton, only to have Motton drop the ball, though there was nobody within 15 yards of him. Moments later, with three minutes left in the half, the Aztecs were forced to punt from their end zone. John Beck lifted a high spiral out to the Aztec 40, and Motton, racing with his back to the ball, tried to make an over-the-shoulder catch. The ball caromed off his shoulder pads and bounded back to the Tennessee 41, where San Diego State recovered. From there Joe Turpen—the third of Coryell's quarterbacks—retreated to pass. He drew his arm back so far it almost brushed the grass behind him and threw to End Tom Nettles, who was scrambling between two defenders. Nettles caught the ball and leaped over both men into the end zone with the touchdown that may well earn the Aztecs their second straight small-college championship.

The Aztecs scored again in the third quarter, and Tennessee State spilled Turpen into his own end zone for a safety, but by then the smaller Aztecs had taken their toll on the likes of Tennessee Tackles Tommie Davis (271 pounds) and Claude Humphrey (254 pounds). Cliff Hancock and Fred Dryer slipped through repeatedly to drop Dickey and hurry his passes, while Linebackers Mike Meagher and Jeff Lancaster and Safeties Jim Crossley and Nate Wright clamped down hard on the Tiger receivers.

The game ended aptly with Dickey flat on his back, a trainer over him giving him smelling salts. Moments later Merritt was slouched on a bench in the locker room. "We blew it in the first quarter," he said. "We shoulda broke it open. We didn't, and it inspired them. They never really let us back in the game."

But next door the Aztecs were not exactly celebrating, either. While Coryell talked to reporters, his assistants quickly shook hands all around and then hurried to the door. "Flyin' to Ogden to scout Weber State," shouted Sid Hall in passing. Claude Gilbert and Ernie Zampese were right behind him, bound for Los Angeles and San Francisco.

This had been, after all, only the first game on a harsh schedule for the Aztecs, who cannot duck anybody these days. No. 1 San Diego State now has to make sure it stays No. 1.

—GARY RONBERG

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ARMY (0-0) 2. PENN STATE (0-0) 3. SYRACUSE (0-0)

While the big Eastern teams—Army, Penn State, Syracuse and Navy—took another week to get ready, ambitious Buffalo got an early start toward earning a reputation. Nearly everything the talented Bulls tried against unsuspecting Kent State, a team that is considered a power in the Mid-American Conference, worked beyond expectations—at least beyond Kent State's expectations. Fullback Lee Jones pounded Kent State's midsection, and when State clutched its stomach Halfback Ken Rutkowski and Quarterback Mick Murtha ran and passed the Bulls to an easy 30–6 victory. Even Buffalo Coach Doc Urich, a demanding critic who used to mastermind Notre Dame's offense, confessed that he was satisfied.

Boston University, another team with high hopes, was almost laid low in a surprisingly close game against Bucknell. With six minutes to go Bucknell led the highly regarded Terriers 16–7. Then Quarterback Tom Thornton, who had thrown a 34-yard touchdown pass to Reggie Rucker in the first quarter, got Boston moving. A 52-yard drive ended with Thornton sneaking over from the one. Then, with 2:20 left, Thornton hit Rucker with a 53-yard scoring pass to bail out the Terriers 20–16.

Villanova, still reeling from a 40–0 pasting by West Virginia a week earlier, suffered another indignity as little West Chester State, a small-college school from just up the pike, surprised the Wildcats 14–9. Jim Haynie's 13-yard pass to Don Wilkinson and a stubborn defense that held Villanova four times inside the two-yard line in the last minute of play won for the Rams.

THE SOUTH 1. GEORGIA (0-0) 2. MIAMI (0-0) 3. ALABAMA (0-0)

When Duke and Wake Forest discovered that each had somehow scheduled the other at home, the Atlantic Coast Conference settled on a tidy solution—a neutral setting and day-night doubleheader at Raleigh's Carter Stadium featuring North Carolina's Big Four. The only trouble was that ACC officials had not planned on also playing host to Hurricane Doria. While an overflow crowd of 42,300 turned out for the North Carolina-North Carolina State game in the

continued

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afternoon, only 22,452 braved Doria to see Duke–Wake Forest at night. Both day and night shifts saw good football.

North Carolina, displaying unexpected strength, led North Carolina State 7–3 on Fullback Tommy Dempsey's one-yard plunge at the end of the first half, and when neither team scored in the third quarter an upset became increasingly possible. But Gerald Warren's 33-yard field goal, his second of the game, cut the lead to 7–6 and then, with second and seven on his own 45, State Quarterback Jim Donnan called for "Bingo pass, two man." The State halfback faked a dive, Donnan faked a hand-off to the fullback, one end hooked and the other slowly drifted downfield. Making it even nicer, Carolina blitzed, and all of a sudden End Harry Martell was in the clear. He caught Donnan's pass and went for the touchdown that beat Carolina 13–7. Donnan said later, "The coaches mentioned the play at half time. Harry was wide open, and I just lobbed the ball to him."

A bit of half-time strategy also paid off for Duke, after the Blue Devils had struggled to a 10–7 lead over Wake Forest. Coach Tom Harp, who had spotted a weakness in the Deacons' secondary, told his alternating quarterbacks, Al Woodall and Larry Davis, to forget about Doria's high winds and pass more on early downs. They did, and Duke breezed to three touchdowns. Woodall passed for three yards to Pete Schafer, Davis scored on a seven-yard run, Fullback Jay Calabrese went over from the one and the Blue Devils had it easy 31–13. Even so, Wake's Freddie Summers, the first Negro quarterback at a major college in the South, was impressive. The junior-college transfer completed five passes for 69 yards, ran for 69 yards and scored twice.

Meanwhile, idle Clemson, the ACC favorite, may have more than just Duke and N. C. State to worry about. All last spring South Carolina Coach Paul Dietzel told people he had the best backfield in the country. It sounded like April's wishful thinking, but now it was September and against Iowa State Dietzel's backs looked as good as anybody's. Quarterback Mike Fair ran and passed excellently, Fullback Warren Muir like Dietzel, a transfer from Army—scored two touchdowns and the Gamecocks beat the Big Eight team 34–3.

Virginia Tech, the South's second-best independent (behind Miami), started well against Tampa. The first time the Gobblers got the ball they marched 70 yards, and Terry Smoot scored from the three. Then Tampa settled down to play defense. The Spartans held Tech to two field goals by John Utin, but that was more than enough, as the Gobblers won 13–3.

West Virginia found the best offense was a good defense in a 27–6 victory over Richmond. The Mountaineers recovered five Richmond fumbles and blocked a kick, defensive moves that led to two touchdowns and a field goal. East Carolina, one of the few single-wing teams, could be a threat to West Virginia in the Southern Conference race. With sophomore fullback Butch Colson picking up 136 yards on 26 carries, the Pirates defeated William & Mary 27–7. VMI pounded Davidson for 546 yards in total offense to win 46–21, while Furman beat Mississippi College 15–6 and The Citadel lost to Southern Mississippi 10–7.

MIDWEST 1. NOTRE DAME (0-0) 2. MICHIGAN STATE (0-0) 3. COLORADO (1-0)

Sophomore Quarterback Bob Anderson ran for three touchdowns and set up a fourth with a pitchout and a perfect fake as Big Eight favorite Colorado beat Baylor of the Southwest Conference 27–7 in a sometimes ragged game in Boulder. Anderson, a quarterback who would as soon bull his way into the end zone as throw the ball into it, put on the kind of display that showed Colorado can stop worrying about who will direct its attack. But at times the Buffaloes also played like a team run by a sophomore, fumbling away three other scoring chances inside the Baylor 21-yard line. The defense counteracted these lapses by intercepting three passes, including two by Linebacker Kerry Mottl that set up touchdowns.

Chuck Hall of Air Force missed four field-goal attempts, including ones from 31 and 43 yards late in the game, and Craig Kessler of Oklahoma State missed two in a scoreless tie in Stillwater, Okla. In this exercise in futility, State moved inside the Air Force 10-yard line three times and outgained the Falcons 348 yards to 159. Coach Phil Cutchin blamed only himself for the tie. "I am real proud of my team," he said. "They operated under a great handicap with me on the sideline and got a tie in spite of me. I substituted poorly. I made some bad calls. I made some good calls that turned out bad." One thing Cutchin did not do was play for a tie. Late in the fourth quarter, on fourth and two at its 26, State gambled for a first down and lost the ball when the Air Force defense threw Bruce Scott for a three-yard loss. "That play was one of my calls," said Cutchin. But Hall subsequently missed his field goal from the 43-yard line. Ben Martin, the Air Force coach, thought State would run a pass option on fourth and two. "I think it was the thing to do," he said. Cutchin, overhearing Martin's remark, answered, "He's a bad quarterback, too."

Kicking specialist Dale Livingston won his eighth game in three seasons for Western Michigan when he kicked a 49-yard field goal that broke a 14–14 tie and carried Western past Miami of Ohio 24–14 in a match-up of last season's Mid-American co-champions. Earlier Livingston had run for 19 yards and a first down on a faked punt that gave Quarterback Jim Borcland a chance to throw a 49-yard touchdown pass to Roosevelt Clark. Ohio University defeated Toledo 20–14 when Dick Conley ran 48 yards to set up the winning touchdown, which he scored himself with 4:39 left on a fourth-down play from the Toledo one-yard line.

Louisville, of the Missouri Valley Conference, scored three touchdowns within 10 minutes during the second quarter and routed Drake 46–7, as Quarterback Wally Oyler passed for three touchdowns and Halfback Herbie Phelps scored two. Wichita State was thoroughly outplayed—except where it counts, at the goal line—but managed to gain a 3–3 tie against Utah State on Troy Anderson's 37-yard field goal in the second quarter. Jim Murphy kicked a 34-yard field goal early for Utah State, and that looked like just the beginning of State's scoring. But the Shockers twice held at the one-yard line. However, their own offense was pathetic: only five first downs, including three on penalties, and 65 total yards, 197 less than Utah State. Dayton's tough defense never let Eastern Kentucky inside its 41-yard line, and the Flyers, helped by Bob Madden's 65-yard touchdown run off a double reverse, won 16–0. Tom Vercheck broke up a two-point conversion attempt late in the final quarter as Xavier held on to beat Quantico 20–18 on Gene Otting's 50-yard punt return for a touchdown.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS (0-0) 2. ARKANSAS (0-0) 3. HOUSTON (1-0)

It did not seem likely, but there was defending champion SMU, considered a first-class threat for last place in the Southwest Conference this season, audaciously trading touchdowns and field goals with Texas A&M, which was regarded as the most likely team to challenge Texas and Arkansas for the championship. In fact, the Mustangs led A&M 13–10 with less than a minute to play. Then Aggie Quarterback Edd Hargett threw a 29-yard touchdown pass to Halfback Bill Long, Charlie Riggs kicked the extra point, A&M went ahead 17–13 and all was right again in the Southwestern world. Right for about 39 seconds, for that was all it took SMU, led by Halfback Jerry Levias, who had tormented the Aggies all afternoon, and Ines Perez, a 5′4″ quarterback who had replaced injured Mike Livingston late in the first half, to do exactly what it did all last year, find a last-gasp way to win. Levias started it by running the kickoff back 24 yards to the SMU 42. Perez, dodging his way under the charging Aggie linemen, passed to Levias for 29 yards, to Halfback Mike Richardson for 11 and End Sam Holden for 12. Now the ball was on the A&M six. Two plays later, with only four seconds to go, Perez threw to Levias in the end zone, and

continued

Van Munching & C , N Y

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAFT.

SMU had its win 20-17. In all Perez completed 10 of 12 passes for 107 yards. "Perez and Levias," said Coach Hayden Fry happily, "are my two little giants."

It was a big weekend for second-string quarterbacks in Texas. The night before, in Houston's Astrodome, Sophomore Ken Bailey was standing on the sidelines chatting idly with his cousin Bo Burris, who quarterbacked Houston last year. Suddenly Dickie Woodall limped off the field with a bruised thigh, and Bailey was the quarterback for the Cougars against Florida State. He had help from Halfbacks Warren McVea and Paul Gipson, who ran for three touchdowns between them, but Bailey did well enough on his own. He completed seven of 13 passes for 129 yards and ran for a score, as Houston won 33-13. "He acted like he'd been out there all his life," said Guard Rich Stotter.

Saturday night it was the turn of the University of Texas at El Paso (they ought to change the name, Texas Western would be nice) to come up with a good substitute quarterback. When Billy Stevens, one of the nation's top passers, had trouble moving the Miners against the University of California at Santa Barbara, understudy Brooks Dawson took over. *He completed 17 of 26* passes for 175 yards and three touchdowns, and the Texans won walking 50-14, which was hardly a kind way to treat Santa Barbara's Jack Curtice, who used to coach the Miners back in the late 1940s. But not even that score satisfied UTEP Coach Bobby Dobbs, who talked of "mental errors" and "ironing out the kinks."

Touchdowns came fast when West Texas State and Montana State got together in Canyon, and West Texas finished one up, beating the visitors 35-26.

THE WEST 1 USC (1-0) 2 UCLA (1-0) 3 WYOMING (1-0)

UCLA or USC, take your pick, that is the West Coast story. Although UCLA's 20-16 victory over Tennessee (*page 14*) was not overwhelming, it was impressive. USC, on the other hand, convinced Washington State's Bert Clark that it was something special after the Trojans dismembered his Cougars 49-0. "The quickest team I've ever seen," said Clark admiringly. "They have the potential to be as good as anybody." What hit Clark hardest was USC's speed. Tailback O. J. Simpson, the 9.4 sprinter, ran for 94 yards and scored once. Flanker Jim Lawrence, a 9.6 man in the 100, dashed 26 yards for a touchdown, while Split End Earl McCullouch, who has tied the world record for the 110-meter high hurdles, caught five passes for 145 yards. The Trojans' depth was also evident when substitute Fullback Dan Scott came in and scored three touchdowns. Nor was there any letdown when starting Quarterback Toby Page went out with badly bruised ribs late in the first quarter. Steve Sogge, a baseball catcher, took over and guided the Trojans to three touchdowns. True to the trade, USC Coach Johnny McKay could find a gloomy note: "We didn't block very well in the second half," he said. "We can't be that inconsistent and beat Texas next week."

Washington Coach Jim Owens' new swing offense looked more like a lazy merry-go-round against Nebraska in Seattle's 105° heat. While the drab Huskies bumbled, Nebraska made the most of Coach Bob Devaney's ball-control game to pound out a 17-7 win. With Quarterback Frank Patrick, a 6′ 7″ sophomore, deftly directing the show, the Huskers scored all of their points in the second quarter. The only time Washington's offense moved was when Quarterback Tom Sparlin ran 48 yards for a touchdown on a broken-pass play.

Oregon Quarterback Eric Olson threw two touchdown passes in the second quarter but Oregon went to its favorite weapon twice too often against California. With the Ducks ahead 13-7, Bobby Smith picked off a pass in the third quarter, and a little later Fullback John McGaffie plunged over from *the one to score as the Bears took the lead* 14-13. Then, Defensive End Irby Augustine clinched a 21-13 California victory when he stole an Olson pass and ran it back 14 yards for a touchdown.

Stanford's John Ralston had good reason to be unhappy after his Indians lost to Oregon State 13-7. He had to watch, for example, as Gene Washington, moved from quarterback to flanker only last week, downed a kickoff on his one-yard line—he thought he was in the end zone. Then a Chuck Williams punt went only 10 yards shortly thereafter. The only way Stanford scored was on a 98-yard kickoff return by Nate Kirtman, while Mike Haggard's two field goals and a touchdown by Bill Main gave Oregon State the win.

Wyoming, despite seven fumbles, had no trouble beating Arizona 36-17 in a WAC opener. Quarterback Paul Toscano threw for two touchdowns and ran for another for the Cowboys. At Tempe, Arizona State rallied in the last quarter to overtake San Jose State 27-16. END

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK SMU's Jerry Levias, who runs like a restless wind, had his finest day against Texas A&M. Levias returned four kicks for 102 yards, caught seven passes, the last one beating the Aggies—and gained a total of 193 yards.

THE LINEMAN Curley Culp, 220-pound Arizona State linebacker, personally ruined San Jose State. He jolted a San Jose ballcarrier into a fumble that led to an ASU score, blocked a punt and also knocked down three passes.

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My heart will ride, sweet and glo-ri-ous, high a-bove the throng, if you will take me a-long with you.

"The only way I know how to settle this is just to ask you how big your catch was. And no fudging," Governor **Dan Moore** of North Carolina said sternly to Governors **Lester Maddox** of Georgia and **Mills Godwin** of Virginia. The point at issue was a trophy for the largest fish caught during a fishing trip at the Southern Governors' Conference, held in Asheville, N.C. No doubt there are cynics who would snort at the idea of putting a pair of politicians thus upon their honor, but Maddox and Godwin came through like a couple of Rover boys. Maddox told Governor Moore that he thought his fish had only gone about 11 inches. "I doubt that mine would have exceeded 11 inches," Godwin said modestly. "I was a little worried about his falling through a crack in the boat." To break this Alphonse-Gaston deadlock, Governor Moore decided to flip a coin. Godwin got the trophy, and the governors finally got down to conferring.

In the off season a football player should take a rugged job in a steel mill or on the docks, right? Well, nobody told Texas Long-born Quarterback **Bill Bradley**, so in his ignorance the poor boy spent the summer working in the personnel office of an airline in Miami. "One of the things I did," he recently mentioned, casually, to a gaggle of sportswriters, "was interview stewardess candidates." "How do you do that?" the sportswriters wanted to know, a question they would not have asked had Bradley spent the summer unloading bales of cotton. "Well," Bradley answered, "*first* I took a look at their fingernails to be sure they were clean."

"We're proud to be hooked up with the National Football League. You can't get on a subway without somebody talking about pro football." So said one Dickson Fairback recently. The hookup with the NFL to which he referred was the league's endorsement of his company's product, which happens to be underwear. Hanes Knitwear announced its new close relationship with the NFL at a press dinner in Philadelphia, and District Representative Fairback introduced the company's local player representative, Eagle Tackle **Floyd Peters**. Peters is not a pretty boy. A 31-year-old veteran of nine years in the NFL, he is a tough 255 pounds, two-thirds bald and shy two teeth. He is obviously trying to get into the spirit of the thing, though, having been quoted as saying, "Watching the football and thinking of Hanes I dreamed I played a complete football game with my Maidenform shorts!" Hanes representatives winced at the mention of Maidenform, but they would have felt a lot worse to hear him confide later, "I really used to wear Jockey shorts."

Six-day bicycle racing has returned to London after a 15-year absence from the scene, and to celebrate the fact Britain's new Minister for Sport, **Denis Howell** (*above*), gamely got aboard a bicycle and wavered around the city's new $120,000 track. Six-day competition lapsed because it was far too expensive to finance—the current race will require a total outlay of some $400,000—but enough cyclists have been lured to London from the Continent to make up 12 two-man teams. Obviously Minister Howell is content not to be among them.

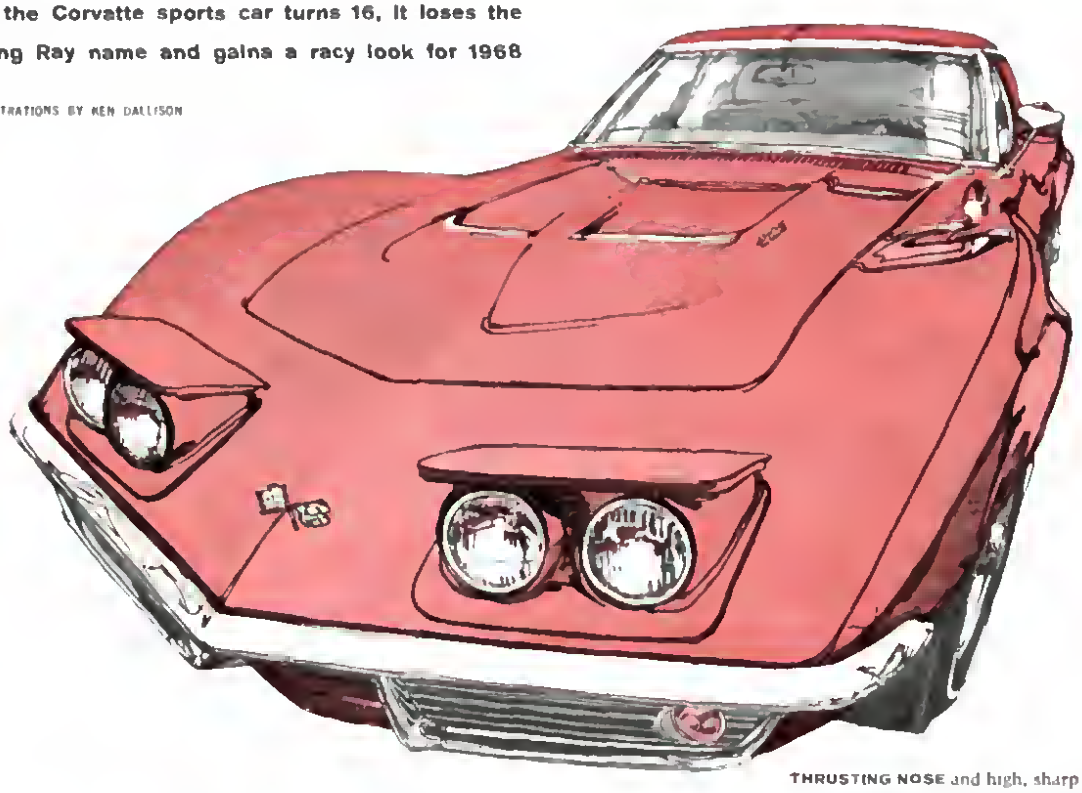
It is about as easy to get NASA to send you into space because you think it would be fun as it is to talk your way into a real race car just to see what it is like. Television's **Johnny Carson** (*right*) recently became one of the few people to manage the latter when he climbed into Andy Granatelli's turbocar, only the fourth man to take out the machine now banned from competition at Indianapolis for being too fast. The deal with the Indy Speedway, which takes a dim view of people fooling around and killing themselves on the track, was that Carson might idle around a few times at 70 mph. Even for a 70-mph run Parnelli Jones and Granatelli took him around in the Indy pace car so that he could find the groove for himself. Carson drove 20 or 30 laps, toward the end of which, says Jim Cook, P.R. manager for the Firestone Racing Division, he was turning nothing under 90 mph. "They were ready to bail out," Johnny himself said of Jones and Granatelli. "I looked over and all I could see was white knuckles." If Jones and Granatelli had white knuckles the track superintendent nearly had apoplexy later, when Carson got into the turbocar and began turning laps that averaged around 115 mph, hitting an estimated 168 mph on the back straight. When Race Driver Mario Andretti came over to meet Carson, still alive, in the turbocar, still intact, Johnny said, "It's all over, Mario. I don't know how to break it to you. Get a chicken farm."

Texas millionaire **Lamar Hunt** owns the Kansas City Chiefs, but he does not hang around Kansas City much. His absence apparently makes that city's heart grow fonder, however, because Mayor Ilus Davis recently proclaimed a Lamar Hunt Day, and 95 Kansas Citians took the proclamation, via chartered plane, to Dallas. The 95 belong to a booster group calling itself The Red Coats, and they burbled a good deal about their mission. "We love Lamar." "We never met a man we liked better." "Lamar Hunt changed the entire personality of Kansas City!" And Kansas City made quite a dent on the personality of Lamar Hunt, though he only said, wryly, to his admirers, "I am shocked that so many people in Kansas City had nothing better to do."

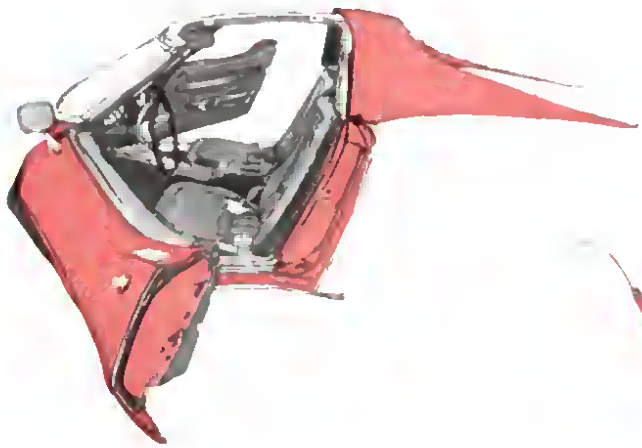
New skin for a familiar tiger of the road

As the Corvette sports car turns 16, it loses the Sting Ray name and gains a racy look for 1968

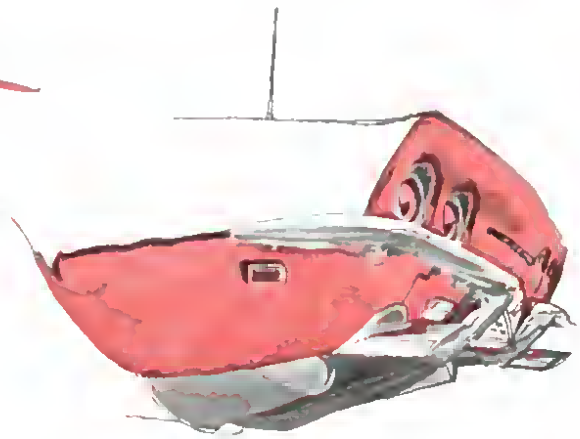
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEN DALLISON



THRUSTING NOSE and high, sharp front fenders are distinctive styling features. Headlight covers follow the current Detroit vogue, but the split lift-off roof is an unusual novelty.



CONVERTIBLE EFFECT is achieved by removing roof panels and rear window, which may be tossed into the trunk. The stylized roll bar behind bucket seats emulates a racing trend.



WRAPAROUND BUMPERS set off rear end sculpturing also inspired by the racecourse. A reasonably clean, chopped off look accented by a spoiler lip that is functional at high speeds.

The answer to the question, what is a sports car, is about as elusive as a Manhattan taxi during rush hour. Is it merely a limited-production car? Or one with a pleasing and sporty style? Or a hot engine that can't be fully exploited except on a racetrack? And what happens when the designers and engineers make compromises so that you can toss in a couple of suitcases comfortably and the wife can drive it to market without blowing up the engine? Zora Arkus-Duntov smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said, "A sports car should be an extension of the body and the mind. Everything must be in harmony, in perfect control." For years Duntov has spent much of his time developing the sinew and muscle of the Chevrolet Corvette, of which the 1968 version, shown at left, was introduced this week. Drawing on a long career as both engineer and race driver, he has made the Corvette into a true sports car that has won the grudging admiration of even belligerent defenders of European automobiles.

Now the Chevy stylists have clothed the car in a spectacular new skin quite in harmony with its sophisticated insides. The most prominent features are the pointed front end and sharply cut front-fender wells first seen in muted form on the now phased-out Sting Ray. The '68s come in both a traditional soft-top convertible and an unusual coupe. The latter is made an open car by removing roof panels and the rear-glass window, a nice departure from the plastic zip-out windows seen on many convertibles. The overall lines are further enhanced by hidden, retractable front-headlight panels. A rear-deck horizontal spoiler is functional at high speeds up to top speed of better than 150 mph. Beneath the hood the changes are more evolutionary than revolutionary. Two basic engines—a 327-cu.-in. V-8 and a 427-cu.-in. V-8—continue to be available in various stages of tune from tame to tigerish, with a 435-hp unit at the upper limit. Zero to 60 mph acceleration of six seconds and less is available; disc brakes are standard; the independent rear suspension is of proven merit.

Harmony, 1968 style, will cost from something over $4,000 to about $6,000 for the most lavish model. END

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Bass

Now it was Detroit's turn to be king of the hill

The Tigers rallied from that terrible Sunday in Chicago with some late-inning heroics that enabled them to move into first place

The Detroit Tigers left Chicago early last week with more walking wounded than the First Marine Division on the way back from the Chosan Reservoir. Bill Freehan, the most hit batsman in the major leagues, had got it on the left arm two times in the four-game series with the White Sox, which culminated in the Black Sunday doubleheader loss, including the no-hitter by Joe Horlen. Freehan had his arm in a sling. Denny McLain had wrenched his back. Dick McAuliffe had another upset stomach. Joe Sparma, who had been knocked out of the box in the first inning by Eddie Stanky's White Sox, and the others needed time to salve their pride. The Tigers had scored in only one of the last 27 innings. They had Monday off, and they could use it.

Eddie Mathews went home to Milwaukee from Chicago for the off day and promptly fell down a flight of stairs and injured his hand. The rest of the club was thin-lipped and silent on the miserable trip home. The bus driver got lost on the way to O'Hare Airport, and the plane was more than an hour late taking off. "From the high point of my baseball career to the low point overnight," moaned Al Kaline, recalling the seven-run, ninth-inning comeback against the Sox on Saturday and the subsequent Sunday disasters.

Tuesday the miseries were going to end, however. The Tigers had a two-game series at Detroit with the Baltimore Orioles, over whom they held a 13-3 season margin, and Earl Wilson, Detroit's 20-game winner, was to pitch the opener. At first it seemed as though the skids were still greased. The Orioles knocked out Wilson in the second inning and bolted to a 3-0 lead. They stayed ahead until the fifth when Freehan, who —despite his bad arm—had talked his way into the lineup, singled to tie it at 4-4, and then Kaline hit his first home run in almost a month to wrap up a 6-4 victory.

Baltimore got more of the same on Wednesday. Dick Tracewski hit his first American League home run, Kaline followed with another and Mickey Lolich, who had lost 10 straight earlier in the season, ran his turnabout winning streak to six. "I was throwing those soft curves," said Lolich. "There was one that I wanted to run up and catch before it got to the plate, it was moving so slow."

Manager Mayo Smith wanted Mickey to knock off the slow stuff, too. "Don't you ever throw a ball like that again," he warned. But, alas, how can you get mad at Lolich? He stands there like a shmoo, pear-shaped, his belly hanging over his belt buckle like old Dizzy Trout. "I pitch left-handed, eat right-handed and think upside down," Lolich says. Detroit General Manager Jim Campbell is afraid he will wind up upside down on the freeway some day. Lolich travels to the park on a 250-cc. Kawasaki motorbike. "I'm getting one for Kaline after the season," he says.

Mathews came out of the hospital in time for Friday night's game against Washington, but Don Wert, who had been injured earlier, was ready and eager to play third, and Norm Cash played first. Sparma started, but he got only four batters out before the Senators were ahead 3-0. One of the Tigers said later, "I thought, 'Oh, no, not again,' " remembering Sparma's game against Chicago. And it looked much the same. In the eighth inning the Senators still led, 4-1.

But with two out in the eighth, the Tigers showed the late-inning fury they have been running out for the folks. Five of their last seven wins had been by late home runs (Mathews, Wilson, Kaline) or base hits (Cash, Jim Northrup). Northrup singled, Cash walked and Freehan hit a fast ball into the second deck for his 20th home run—most ever by a Detroit catcher—and a 4-4 tie. An inning later, with two out and Dick McAuliffe on second, Willie Horton raised a soft foul pop-up toward the field boxes. Washington Catcher Paul Casanova headed for the ball, and Willie, dropping his bat in dejection, headed for the dugout. But somehow Casanova missed the ball, and Willie was still alive. Two pitches later Horton singled to left, scoring McAuliffe with the winning run.

Horton said he was thankful for the break. Willie has been troubled by the pennant race. He can't sleep. "Gates Brown and I sit up to 3 or 4 in the morning talking baseball," he said. "If I try to sleep I can't." And the bone spur on his left heel is constantly painful. "Sore, man," Willie says, "I'm not gonna feel good till I get this foot operated on." As for McAuliffe, pennant pressure is no problem. "I get to sleep real easy," Dick says, deadpan. "First, I take three tranquilizers, then . . ."

Saturday, Earl Wilson was going to try again after his faltering start against Baltimore. A sharp dresser, with the outward appearance of a swinger, Wilson is moody and stays to himself. "It's not that I'm cocky or stuck-up," he says. "I'm just nervous. The night before a game I can't sleep. I keep waking up thinking about the hitters. Then when I get to the ball park before the game I'm plain scared. Not scared of losing, scared of failure. You know what I mean. You can win and still lose."

Wilson arrived at the ball park wearing one of his 50 custom-tailored suits and one of his 15 pairs of shoes and, though he tired in the eighth, won his 21st game 5-4. Boston got knocked off by the Orioles, the White Sox downed the Twins and the Tigers moved into undisputed possession of first place for the first time since June 10. Their stay there might be brief, first place being a rather precarious spot in the American League these days, but at least the Tigers had come back from Black Sunday.

Even Norm Cash got some cheers, for a change. Two of the Tigers' five runs in Saturday's game came on his 19th homer. Norm generally is ridden hard by Tiger Stadium fans, but during the Oriole series, early in the week, the city's policemen and firemen, admitted free one night, cheered Cash robustly, sort of as one underdog to another. **END**

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FRANCIS GOLDEN

You will often hear a golfer say he "came off the ball." This phrase can describe a multitude of errors which will result in a shot that starts hopefully, but falls limply off to the right. The most common reason for hitting such a shot is that you have shortened your swing at some point, either when taking the club back or after hitting the ball. If you shorten your backswing you start down into the ball slightly off balance. Both your head and your weight will be past the ball while your club head is dragging along far behind. Since everything was not in order at the top of the backswing you end up swiping at the ball. But you must also have a complete follow-through, one that is a continuation of the rhythmic pattern set up by your good backswing. Your weight will have shifted over to your left side as you hit through the ball, but you must continue to move it over, even to the point where you can be up on your right toe without losing your balance. You must also force your hands high and turn so much that your belt buckle is pointed toward the hole. It is when you do not make such a follow-through, that you find yourself "coming off the ball."

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PRO FOOTBALL / *Edwin Shrake*

A break, a wrench and a march of new quarterbacks

Miami had settled its passing problems with unheralded John Stofa. But the season had barely begun when Stofa and a dream were gone

An hour or so before the kickoff against the Denver Broncos last week, a tall, young, pleasant-looking elementary schoolteacher named John Stofa undressed in front of his cubicle in the Miami Dolphins' locker room at the Orange Bowl. Stofa hung his white shirt and gray-plaid suit on a hook a few feet from the street clothes of two much more highly paid and famous quarterbacks—Bob Griese and Rick Norton. After loosening up on the field during a warm and humid Miami afternoon, Stofa pulled on a pale-blue Dolphin jersey with No. 15 on it and ran out to lead his team while Griese and Norton went to the bench. It was the sort of thing that dreamers thrive on.

Four hours later the white shirt and gray-plaid suit were still hanging on the hook, but Stofa was not there to wear them. He was at Mercy Hospital, awaiting an operation on a broken ankle and a sprained knee. Stofa had lasted a bit less than five minutes against Denver. Griese, the rookie from Purdue, was now the new Miami quarterback, and Stofa's opportunity was gone, perhaps for the season, perhaps forever.

When he saw Stofa down and unmoving near the Miami goal line early in the first quarter, Griese was thinking of what he had to do. He did not watch as trainers taped Stofa's ankles together

continued

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and brought out the stretcher. Griese is only 22 and is less than four months out of college, and this was Miami's first American Football League game of the year. In exhibition games he had thrown six passes and completed one while Dolphin Coach George Wilson was trying to decide which of his quarterbacks he would use on opening day.

"I was thinking what plays we would run," Griese said, describing how he reacted as Stofa was carried from the field. "I was thinking what was safe, what would work. As a quarterback, you have got to be ready. I wasn't apprehensive. I knew what my guys could do. It was their guys that bothered me."

That was a matter that was also puzzling to the Broncos. Denver is a rebuilt team with the stress on youth. Among the 22 offensive and defensive starters, five are rookies and eight are beginning their second season. The young Broncos held together very well during the exhibitions, beating both Detroit and Minnesota of the National Football League. But two weeks ago Denver was humbled 51-0 by Oakland.

Part of the blame for that swamping loss went to the absence of Cookie Gilchrist, who is out for most of the season with a knee injury. Gilchrist was Denver's policeman and as a pass-blocking fullback had few peers at picking up blitzing linebackers. Without Gilchrist to contend with, the Raiders poured in on Quarterback Steve Tensi and limited the Bronco passing to two completions for a total of minus yardage.

"We miss Cookie a lot," said Tensi as he prepared for the game with Miami. "With all our rookies, we need some old heads in there to keep us steady. A smart team can jump on our mistakes."

The Raiders leaped up and down on Denver mistakes like acrobats on a trampoline, but Bronco Coach and General Manager Lou Saban accepted the pummeling with outward tranquillity. He merely pointed out to the players which ones had been the worst offenders. Then he put the Broncos through a long work week and loaded them aboard a plane for the flight to Miami.

Tensi, who had played his college football in Florida, was eager for a good performance in the Orange Bowl. Like Stofa, he was getting his first chance at a regular big-league job. But while Stofa was playing in the minors, where the Dolphins found him, Tensi was spending

two seasons behind John Hadl at San Diego. He was traded to Denver this year for two future first-round draft choices, which is a cheap price if Tensi makes it and a stiff one if he does not.

"Sid Gillman [San Diego Coach] called me in awhile back and told me he'd done me a favor, traded me to Denver," said Tensi, who is 6′ 5″ and wears his hair in long sideburns like an electric-guitar player. "I said, 'Thanks, see you later.' I was very happy about it. There is a great difference in playing for Denver and playing for San Diego. In San Diego our ready hook of plays to use in a game was the size of the Miami telephone book. In 60 minutes you couldn't use half of it. In Denver our ready hook is about half the size of the Miami Yellow Pages. It's a much simpler offense. It's great for a quarterback. You hear it, you know it, it clicks. At San Diego we had meetings from 8 a.m. until midnight with practices in between. If I'd been paid by the hour at San Diego, I'd be a millionaire today."

Tensi has had a reputation as a fine quarterback since he was at Florida State. That is not true in the case of the unfortunate Stofa. He played college football at the University of Buffalo, where passes were seldom thrown. The drafts skipped him. Months later Bud Asher, coach of the Daytona Beach Thunderbirds in the Southern Professional Football League, was looking at movies of the 1962 Buffalo-Colgate game and was struck by one long pass completed for a touchdown in a blizzard. "I figured a boy who could lay in a pass like that would be a heller in the sunshine," Asher said, and signed Stofa to a contract.

Stofa played for the Thunderbirds in 1964 and 1965 at a salary of $100 per game and took them to two championships. In those two years Stofa, son of a steelworker in Johnstown, Pa., threw 75 touchdowns and the Thunderbirds won 29 of 31 games. He got a 10-day trial with the Dolphins in 1966, was cut and spent six weeks with the Pittsburgh Steelers. "We had five or six quarterbacks in camp," says Steeler Backfield Coach Don Heinrich. "They couldn't get all the work they needed. John was subdued and tended to be behind in recognizing defenses. He was nervous and had a bad game against Minnesota. It was a tough situation, but when you're going against five other guys there won't be a second chance. We cut him the next day."

continued

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Being released by Pittsburgh caused Stofa to doubt himself. "When you fail twice in two months, you can't help wondering about yourself," he said before the Denver game last week.

Stofa got a job teaching elementary school in Daytona Beach and joined the Lakeland Club in the North American Football League, commuting 110 miles to practice. Midway last season Miami's bonus-boy Quarterback Norton got a broken jaw and Stofa got a phone call from the Dolphins.

"I couldn't tell them right away that I'd come," said Stofa. "I had a teaching contract, and it wouldn't have been ethical to leave without a release. But the school board was nice about it. I knew I had to try once more."

George Wilson Jr., son of the Miami coach, was the Dolphin quarterback by then. Stofa sat on the bench for seven weeks. In the final 1966 game against Houston, Wilson Jr. was out, Dick Wood got a sore arm warming up and, with five minutes' notice, Stofa became the starting quarterback. He hit 22 of 38 passes for 307 yards and four touchdowns, and Miami won, 29-28. In that one game the Dolphins set team offensive records in nine categories, and Stofa established five individual records.

Last July Stofa went to training camp to discover he was being rated behind two rookies—Griese, and Jon Brittenum of Arkansas. "The money those other guys got for signing doesn't bother me," said Stofa, who was drawing a $15,000 salary. "If money had anything to do with it, I wouldn't be here. When I see Griese throw the ball well, it makes me try harder. There's always going to be pressure. The sooner I get used to it, the better off I'll be. I keep telling myself this is not only my big chance, it's my last chance. I'm 25 and too many good quarterbacks are coming up."

Although Stofa was not, in Wilson's opinion, Miami's best quarterback mechanically, the coach settled on him because of his leadership qualities. "He picks up the team," Wilson said. "The club plays for him, and that's what a quarterback is for. Leadership is born with a man, not put in by coaches."

Stofa was good enough in the exhibition games to cause Miami to trade Brittenum to San Diego. He walked into the Dolphin locker room at the Orange Bowl last Sunday in exactly the position he had always wanted—No. 1 quarter-

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back on a professional football team, with Griese and Norton, the college heroes, waiting behind him.

On the first offensive play for Miami, Halfback Joe Auer swung down the sideline and Stofa hit him with a 45-yard pass. Then he passed to End Howard Twilley for six more yards to the Denver eight. On the third play Stofa kept the ball and ran around right end for a touchdown. After less than two minutes Miami led by seven points and Stofa looked less like an elementary schoolteacher than he did a Johnny Unitas.

Denver punted, and Miami got the ball again on its own nine. First down. There was a fumble and a herd of players fought for the ball. All of them finally stood up except Stofa. He left the stadium in an ambulance.

In came Griese. He took the Dolphins on an 80-yard drive in the second quarter and threw a 27-yard touchdown pass to Sam Price for a 14–0 lead at the half. In the third quarter Griese called the same play Stofa had opened the game with and connected with Auer for a 68-yard touchdown. Then the Broncos, suddenly playing as well as they had in the preseason, moved into a 21–21 tie in the fourth quarter. But the Dolphins, with good passing from Griese and excellent running from Auer and Abner Haynes, won the game going away, 35–21.

"I need to know more about defenses," said Griese afterward, as an equipment man was packing away Stofa's helmet and pads from the cubicle where the gray-plaid suit hung. "I made a few bad calls that hurt us. I have to get experience. But I had some great backs to give the ball to." Auer and Haynes, who play the same position, complement each other perfectly. "And there's no jealousy," said Haynes, who tore away on a 65-yard touchdown run reminiscent of the years when he was the AFL's best. "I got way too much sense for that and so does Joe. We pull for each other."

Haynes had an incentive Sunday. He is one of 10 Dolphins who are ex-Denver Broncos. That may become 11. The latest could be George Wilson Jr., who was traded to Denver and then dropped. "Where else," says George Wilson Sr., "could I get a third quarterback without having to pay transportation expenses?" Facing a full season with a rookie quarterback, the Dolphins will wish Stofa's dream had lasted somewhat longer. **END**

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TALE OF AN ANCIENT MARINER

Fifty years after, a famous sportswriter looks back to his days as a collegiate oarsman in an era when rowing was the big sport on campus and sometimes even front-page news

BY PAUL GALLICO

Daydreaming out of my picture window overlooking the port of Antibes when I ought to be working, I see the four- and eight-legged water spiders of the local rowing club skittering out of the harbor, the Mediterranean sun glinting from their oars, and I cannot shut out the flood of memories of my rowing days at Columbia University half a century ago.

I watch the progress of the crews over the flat calm of the Baie des Anges and wonder whether I could still sit up properly in a boat, keep my slide under me, lay my back into the oar, whip out the blade with a sharp snap of the wrist and keep the shell running smoothly under me by pulling up on my toes. And how would it feel? And how long would I last?

How ancient the history seems at the time of my freshman crew in 1916. Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States and Jess Willard heavyweight champion of the world. As we took to our shells in the spring, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Boston Red Sox were on their way to pennants, and in the subsequent World Series, which Boston won, a pitcher by the name of George Herman Ruth chalked up a victory. A horse called, believe it or not, George Smith won the Kentucky Derby that year. Dick Williams and Molla Bjurstedt were to become the tennis champions at Forest Hills, and there was also to be a considerable stir in golf. For the first time in the history of the game an amateur, Charles Evans Jr., would win both the U.S. Open and Amateur championships, or just one-half of the unrivaled Grand Slam scored by Bob Jones 14 years later. The world's record for the mile run was 4:16.2. It was held by Norman Taber.

Of course, World War I was in full spate, though we were not yet in it. That was to come in 1917. I made the varsity that year, but when we entered the war in April intercollegiate rowing was canceled. Thus my years of varsity competition were 1920 and 1921, with, in the meantime, a hitch in the Navy as a gunner's mate. The Navy, naturally. Where else would an oarsman go?

Unfathomable are the quirks of memory. Certain names, faces and events are with me as clearly as though they had happened yesterday; others present a complete puzzle. In 1920 the Intercollegiate Regatta was held on Cayuga Lake at Cornell University, at two miles. I remember nothing of it whatsoever, not where we trained or what the race was like, though the record book tells me we finished third to Syracuse and Cornell, beating only Pennsylvania.

Yet the hell of the 1921 Regatta (which was returned to its traditional locale on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie) is inextinguishable, for we thought we would win. It was my senior year, and I was acting captain. During the night before the race the entire crew was up, trudging back and forth, to and from the latrine, with diarrhea so severe that a Mickey Finn was suspected, though in all probability it was just plain, ordinary food poisoning. None of the eight oarsmen escaped. When we boated our shell the next day we were as weak as mice, and in the race that day we finished a harrowing last.

We probably would never have won anyway, for Navy was at Poughkeepsie that year. In practice they rowed at a constant clip of 40 strokes a minute. Our own racing tempo was to start at 36, drop to 28 for the long pull and sprint at the finish. Navy was proposing to row the three miles (the distance to which the race had been changed) at 40 all the way. We weren't worried, because we knew they were crazy and that it couldn't be done. But they weren't. And it could. And they did.

I had never meant to be an oarsman. I wanted to play football. But the first day that I strode the campus as a freshman, pure chance led me to encounter Jim Rice, the rowing coach, before the football coach saw me. Both were on the prowl for big, rangy fellows.

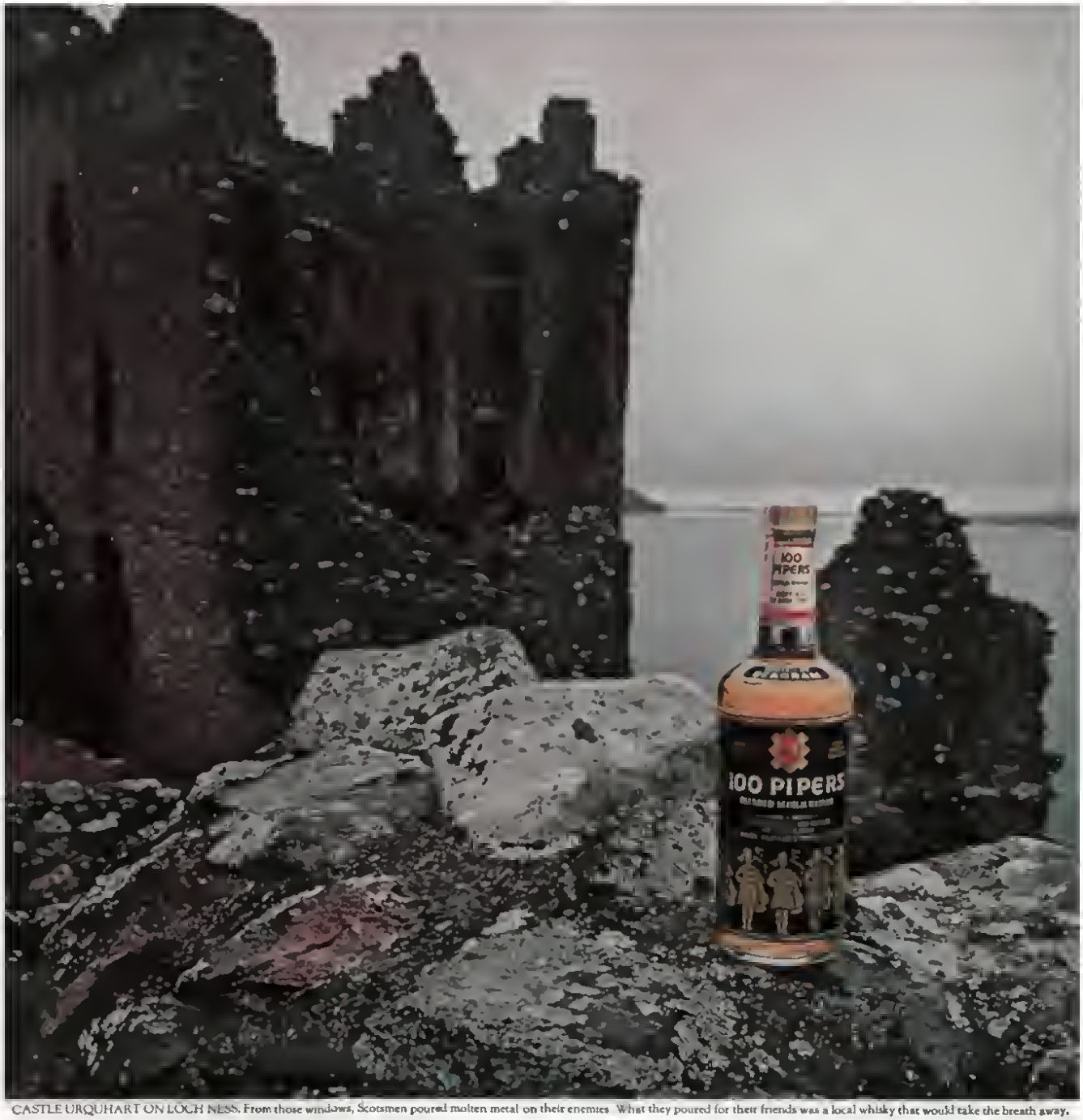
Rice was a famous character, and I nearly died of excitement when he stopped me, asked my name, age and weight and whether I had ever rowed before and then ordered me to report to the gymnasium that night for initial crew practice on the machines. Thrilled and flattered, it never occurred to me that I had any choice but to obey. At that, it was fortunate for me, for I was always a rotten football player, inclined to flinch. But I was able to carry out Rice's axiom for an oarsman: "You've got to be able to punish yourself." I could inflict endless brutalities upon myself; I just didn't like others to do it.

The Columbia boathouse then was a tumbledown, waterfront shack on the west bank of the Hudson, beneath what is now Palisades Park, and to get there after the day's classes we crossed by the old 135th Street ferry. The George Washington Bridge wasn't even on the planner's board. Fred Plaisted was the freshman coach. The boathouse keeper and rigger was an old, bad-tempered curmudgeon by the name of Pete, who used to chew on his teeth and make life as difficult as he could for the freshmen. He despised us, and we hated him.

But first there were the winter days and the rowing machines set up in the gymnasium, three parallel sets of eight, with sliding seats and mechanical tension to the oars. There on dry land we learned the theories of keeping our slides under us, getting our backs into it and, at the finish of the stroke, snapping the wrist—which one hoped in practice would whip the blade cleanly out of the water. My ears still retain the "squeak-*chunk*, squeak-*chunk*, squeak-*chunk*" of all 24 machines in rhythmic action. Of course, when we went out onto the Hudson and for the first time sat in a barge with a 12-foot oar it was all so different, and we had to learn over again. And then once more, when we graduated to the paper-thin shell.

Jim Rice was a Canadian, a powerful, barrel-shaped man who was in his 60s, I believe, sardonic, ribald and engagingly foul-mouthed. My ears somehow seem to remember as

continued



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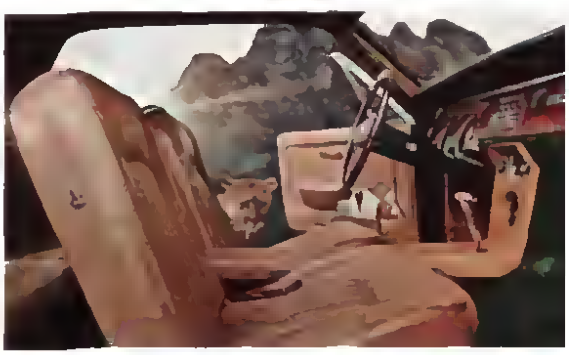
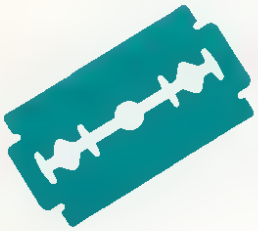


End of the Blues:



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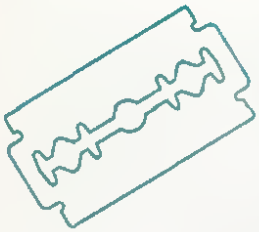

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much of those days as my eyes, and I can still hear the long-drawn-out cry of Jim from the coaching launch, through his megaphone, between toots of tugs, ferryboats and Central Railroad of New Jersey barges, "Gal-*eee*-ko! You're feathering under. Sit up in the boat! You look like a greyhound riding a wheelbarrow!" His descriptions of my efforts, pouring from his trumpet as our needle shells glided past the Jersey piers, were accepted as sheer entertainment by grinning longshoremen.

The ancient boathouse there knew no amenities. There was only an icy shower into which to dash, hot and sweating from the pull. But one wonderful custom Rice introduced from his native Canada. He kept a cask of ale on tap, and at the end of practice we lined up and each oarsman received a glass—"to take the edge off," as Rice put it. No drink has ever tasted better to me than that draught of dark brown liquid at the finish of an exhausting eight- or 10-mile grind.

My place in the boat ordinarily was port on No. 6 (at a pinch I could also handle starboard No. 7), known to the downtown papers as "the engine room of the boat." For we were all 180- and 190-pounders back there in the stern.

The downtown papers in those days seemed to take an extraordinary interest in rowing and gave me an embarrassing time with one sports page headline when, in a scuffle with a classmate on the library steps, I injured my right wrist. It read: GALLICO, TOWER OF POWER, OUT OF VARSITY WITH INJURY. It took me more than a year to live down that "Tower of Power." It used to boom out through Rice's megaphone, "Come on, Tower, let's see some of your goddam power!"

I recall the slurping rustle of the water against the polished skin of our shell as, after the drive and the feather, eight of us sneaked forward on our slides to keep her running so that the stroke oar would dip again well behind the puddle left by bow; the hoarse "catch-drive!" of the coxswain and the clatter of his tiller handles on the side of the boat when he called for us to raise the stroke for a sprint. Then the "'way-all!" from the coaching launch, the momentary silence as we rested on oars and then the expected trumpet from Jim Rice, "Gal-*eee*-ko! You're shooting your tail! Keep your arse under you!" This meant that I wasn't pivoting properly, swinging against the firm anchorage of the blade in water, my bottom kept under the center of gravity to give full leverage for the stroke. There was more to rowing than just pulling, even though one of Jim's aphorisms was that his preference for an oarsman was a weak mind and a strong body. He had others, too, such as his final command as we would draw away from the boathouse to head for the starting line of a race. It was, "Don't get tired."

I did learn eventually, and happily I never suffered that greatest of all oarsman's humiliations—catching a crab in a race; that is to say, losing control of my oar and breaking up the rhythm of the boat.

We were a spotty crew, fatigue prone in the Intercollegiates but occasionally winning one like the Childs Cup, or a dual match. Once we lured an aristocratic Princeton team up into the sewage of our course on the Harlem River in New York and managed to pick our way through the vulgar and often mortifying flotsam and jetsam slightly more hurriedly than they.

But they got even. They invited us back to Lake Carnegie, where they gave us a good trouncing. Nobody had warned us that this artificial bit of water, created through the munificence of Andrew Carnegie, was shallow and hence, believe it or not, slushy. We were accustomed to anchoring our blades in honest river fluid on which you could heave back with all your strength. Lake Carnegie's surface was like mush, and we couldn't bite into it firmly with our oars. We felt as though we were rowing in soapsuds.

Why do I remember no more than 10 or so of my crew mates and not others? Or in what boat they were, or when and what has become of them?

I would not be likely to forget Dunc Leys, the varsity stroke and my boyhood hero when I was a freshman. He was a lanky, lantern-jawed, self-possessed athlete. I was also afraid of him, though he never gave me cause to be. But the relationship between freshmen and upperclassmen was then one of juvenile terrorism. Perhaps it still is today. I rowed No. 7 as a sophomore, behind his stroking beat, bursting with pride, until, as noted, the war broke up our schedule. When I returned to college in 1920 to complete my education he was, of course, gone, and there seemed to be a whole new crowd, with one or two exceptions.

There was Kess Scovil, a doctor's son, my particular pal; we were inseparable. Our stroke in the postwar years

continued

was a tough and irreverent athlete by the name of Frank Brodil. He was not built like an oarsman, but rather like a football tackle, with a sense of humor that was wanting in some of the more refined attitudes toward intercollegiate competition. I remember one time when we were pulling away from Yale on the Housatonic, much to our surprise. Our stern drew level with Yale's bowman, who happened to be a scion of one of the reigning socialite families. Brodil baited him by calling across, "Hey, Whitney, what time is it?"

This was not entirely class warfare on Brodil's part. We sidewalk-of-New Yorkers were all inclined to sniff at this Yale crew, because it was experimenting with a British coach by the name of Guy Nickalls, who had equipped his boys with Oxford-style rowing shirts, which brought out rampant chauvinism in our shell. We bet our American skivvies against the Limey ones and carried off the British-made goods triumphantly.

Two of our bowmen stick in my mind, one by the name of Horace Dow, who was notable in that he had once been a Broadway chorus boy but with none of the implications inherent in that kind of work. The theater was just entering its glamour period then, and some of it must have surrounded him. The other bowman, a chap named Ruffalo, was one of those tough *paisanos* with a beak like an octopus and rather the same kind of eyes. He was nicknamed Tito because of an opera singer then current by the name of Titta Ruffo. He seemed to come in for a good deal of kidding. Lansing Van Houten was our captain in 1921, a big, blond boy who looked like the Arrow Collar man. Advertisements for Arrow Collars in those days were drawn by an artist named Leyendecker, and that was just about as handsome as you could get. Van Houten had the misfortune to come down with pneumonia before the Intercollegiates, which moved me into the position of acting captain.

Another blond oarsman comes to mind; his name was Barry Brown, rowing No. 7 in front of me, for when I came out of the Navy I returned to my No. 6 oar. I suppose he lingers as one who, during a practice spin at Poughkeepsie, caught the crab of all crabs. We were moving right along with a good punch when he failed to feather. The blade went straight down, and he couldn't get rid of the handle. It took him in the stomach, lifted him cleanly out of his shoelaces and deposited him over the side of the boat. I yelled to the cox to way-all. Frank Brodil turned around with the most surprised look I have ever seen on any man's face, and inquired, "Where the hell is Brownie?" Brownie was just surfacing some 30 yards astern, looking pretty well astonished himself.

That was essentially the same crew that contributed to what must have been one of the silliest sights in all rowing history. We were at Annapolis for a race with Navy and had gone out in the morning to try to get used to the choppy waters of the Severn. We had splashboards on our shell, but the wind kicked up rougher and rougher until we gradually filled and quietly sank. But since our eight oars—four on a side—were kept out at right angles, we didn't tip over but merely descended, so that eight nude torsos were sitting there in the water, in a row, one behind the other. Of the cox, only his head was visible. His name was Don Brush. He had reddish hair, crew-cut, of course, an impertinent face and a highly irritating voice.

Well, and then there are two others who particularly stick: Rene Normser, who played the guitar 50 years before the other *jeunesse* thought of it, and Wally Waldecker. Both of them became highly successful lawyers.

I don't know how it is today—probably football has supplanted crew in importance—but then we were the aristocrats of the campus. For we were lettermen plus and wore the block C with crossed oars, the highest athletic award. To walk the campus wearing a dark blue crew hat sporting this emblem in white embroidery made one feel lordly.

There was much sacrifice, discipline and physical torture connected with rowing, but it was worth every bit of it to be able to sport that hat, or to peacock in a big white sweater with the insignia in light blue. Of all that happened to me at Columbia, including my degree, I suspect that winning my letter was the most important and gave me the most satisfaction. My vanity must have been overwhelming.

But the races were sheer nightmares. I remember that several times during the worst of them, when my chest was

continued

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on fire and I could not get any air into my lungs, when my arms and legs felt ready to drop off, I would despair of pulling another 10 strokes when I knew there were yet several hundred ahead of me. I would wonder then how I ever had come to let myself in for such a painful sport. I can only remember it now as anguish from start to finish. The moment the gun went off and one heaved into the starting sprint, one began to gasp for breath and never really caught it again, never felt easy or in control or out of misery the full length of the course.

Added to this was the humiliation of seeing rival crews pulling away and knowing that trying to catch them would only bring on an increase of physical agony. Being last, finding ourselves practically alone on the river, did nothing to assuage the awful discomfort of having to go pulling on until the boat crossed the finish line and one collapsed over one's oars. The members of the winning crew, of course, never collapsed. It was strange, too, how sometimes we managed to do some of our most beautiful rowing on the way back to the boathouse after a defeat.

But against this was the fun of training at Poughkeepsie for the Intercollegiate Regatta—the famous Poughkeepsie Regatta—and the enchantment of the long practice spins on the Hudson to the north and south of our training camp, mornings and afternoons of warm spring days on a placid river. Here we became one with the boat and our fellow oarsmen and felt ourselves as giants, since one's own power applied to the shell was multiplied by eight. Not often, but from time to time, there are moments when a good crew really blends together, bringing an ineffable delight to the rower as he feels his shell surge forward beneath him. Eight oars whip out of the water in unison; eight oars dip again and one feels a great exultation in one's breast.

That was a rich reward for the hardships of rowing, the three weeks at Poughkeepsie between the end of the

continued

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spring term and the Regatta. We had our own stone boathouse, with dormitories on the second floor. Three crews —varsity, junior varsity and freshman —lived and trained together, at the same time indulging in some of the strange anthropological rituals arising in all-male societies. One of these included the paddling of freshmen as part of the Saturday night's amusement. Freshmen were required to put on songs, dances or playlets to entertain the upperclassmen and, having done this, were then taken out to the back porch, commanded to "bend ovah," and were struck on the behind five or six times with a heavy, wooden paddle with all the force that could be mustered by a 185-pound athlete. I never understood this quite. I must have irritated my peers when I was a freshman, in 1916, for they seemed to take a particular delight in fanning my rear end, several of them going so far as to take a running start to apply more power to the whack. I recall a saturnine, dark-haired long drink of water by the name of Ralph Swinburne; he was one of those who really teed off on my tail with the paddle during those Saturday soirees. Considering that the next morning we would be required to pivot on those same bruised buttocks during an eight- or nine-mile training spin, it did not seem too clever. But Coach Rice never forbade the beatings, though I remember that he was angry one day when, after he had had to scold me loudly from the launch, he caught a glimpse of my tail, black and blue from the paddling.

Yet they were wonderful days of cohesive and cooperative effort, particularly when I rowed at Poughkeepsie as an upperclassman after the war, a long walk before breakfast, another at night before retiring, good food, steaks galore, friendship and the mounting tension as race day approached.

There was another ritual, the talk down by the spring, one of Jim Rice's psychological gambits to inspire us with the will to row ourselves into unconsciousness if need be. The spring was a small source bubbling up out of the earth on the other side of the railroad tracks,

continued

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and here we would forgather with our captain who would give us a serious lecture on our responsibilities to the university, the blue and white, etc., the need to realize this and pull ourselves together. "Going to the spring" was a solemn moment, and we all came away convinced that we were better and more dedicated men. But somehow this still did not relieve the onslaught of that fatal epidemic of fatigue once the opening sprint was under way.

There was an observation train for the Regatta, some 20 or so cars, each one a miniature grandstand, which crawled along the tracks on the West Shore Railroad so that the spectators could follow the race from the start to the finish, a mile below the spidery Poughkeepsie bridge. Although I loved the prestige rowing gave me on the campus, I had a number of reservations about the sport. One of these stemmed from the fact that if your girl came to see you perform, it was always in the company of another fellow who had himself a most enjoyable day driving her up to Poughkeepsie in his Stutz Bearcat or Dodge roadster. On tickets that you provided they would loll in the cool and comfort of the observation car, watching you pulling out your gut for 20 minutes on the river. After the race he would drive her back to New York and in all probability take her out to dine and dance that night, during which time he would be able to make a good deal of progress with her. We had to spend another day or so at Poughkeepsie, cleaning up and arranging for the shipping of the shells, before we could get back to town to find out if one's girl still considered one an athletic hero or just something of an idiot.

No matter, we were all far more innocent, uncluttered and uncomplicated then than now, and I wouldn't have had it any different. But, remembering the torture that made me swear after each race that I would never row again, I am just as pleased now to be watching the efforts of the young Frenchmen flashing their blades in and out of the Bay of the Angels, while I enjoy the sweet ease of retrospect. AND

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Orlando Cepeda and Lou Brock of St. Louis (5-1) were ailing slightly, but the thin men —6' 1", 170-pound Julian Javier and 5' 11", 160-pound Dal Maxvill—picked up the offense. Javier, a .228 hitter a year ago, batted .500 last week and brought his season's average up to .288. Maxvill, who had only 24 RBIs all last season, had five for the week and a total of 16 in 19 games. Steve Carlton, who has an inexplicable 3-4 record at home and an 11-4 mark on the road, shut out the Reds in CINCINNATI (2-4). Lee May hit .417 for the week, but the Reds, who scored more than five runs in a game for the first time in three weeks, wore themselves out in that one —a 15-7 win over the Pirates—and scored only four times in the next three games. Ray Sadecki of SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) won his third game in two weeks. Mike McCormick, pitching in relief, again missed a chance to win his 20th when Manny Mota of PITTSBURGH (3-3) beat him with a single in the 16th inning. Roberto Clemente had five hits in one game against the Reds and upped his league-leading average to .354. Manager Leo Durocher of CHICAGO (3-2) was perturbed by his players' "lack of concentration" and "nonchalance" in 11-10 and 5-4 losses to the Astros. The Cubs then snapped out of their lethargy, with Ferguson Jenkins picking up his 18th win and Rich Nye his 13th. PHILADELPHIA (3-4) was involved in four straight shutouts, splitting a pair with the Cardinals (Larry Jackson won a two-hitter) and losing a doubleheader to LOS ANGELES (3-4) by identical 1-0 scores. The shutouts were pitched by Bill Singer and Don Drysdale. The Dodgers began rearranging their personnel for 1968, using Jim Lefebvre at first base, Wes Parker in center field and Texas League batting champion Luis Alcaraz at second. Mike Cuellar of HOUSTON (4-0) won his 14th game. Three games between ATLANTA (2-4) and NEW YORK (1-4) were decided in the ninth inning, the Braves winning on hits by Joe Torre and Mike de la Hoz. A single by Jerry Grote of the Mets gave Tom Seaver his 14th win, a club record.

Standings: StL 84-56, SF 81-68, Chi 82-70, Cin 80-70, Phil 77-71, Pitt 75-75, Atl 74-75, LA 68-81, Hou 61-88, NY 55-93

AMERICAN LEAGUE

A seemingly inconsequential deal last fall helped DETROIT (4-1) take possession of first place. In November, Fred Lasher was purchased from the Twins for $4,000. Lasher, a relief pitcher who was not even on the Tiger roster this spring, won one game and saved two others last week. Francisco Carlos of CHICAGO (5-3), another nonroster pitcher in April, beat the Indians in 10 innings on Don Buford's grand slam homer. Strong pitching, particularly by Joe Horlen and Gary Peters, carried the White Sox to five wins in a row, including three over MINNESOTA (2-4). With the Twins trailing the Senators 4-1 in the seventh, Zoilo Versalles led off with a double, but was thrown out by weak-armed Frank Howard when he tried for a triple. "I cannot condone it, and I won't," said Manager Cal Ermer angrily. Ermer himself used some questionable tactics by working starting pitchers in relief. He got away with it when Dean Chance protected a lead against the Senators but did not succeed when he used Jim Kaat in relief of Chance against the White Sox, who rallied for four ninth-inning runs. BOSTON (2-3) struggled to beat the A's twice on eighth-inning hits—one a triple by Jim Lonborg, who won his 20th game, and the other a double by Rico Petrocelli. But BALTIMORE (4-2) swept the Sox 6-2, 4-1 and 5-2 behind the pitching of Tom Phoebus, Jim Hardin and Gene Brabender. Timely hits by Rick Reichardt of CALIFORNIA (4-2) led to a pair of 2-1 wins. Despite giving up just three runs in 37 innings, George Brunet could not improve his 11-17 record. Frank Bertaina of WASHINGTON (2-4) stopped the Twins 5-4 and the Tigers 5-0. Frank Coggins, who was brought up from Hawaii, went nine for 19. Sam McDowell and Luis Tiant of CLEVELAND (4-3) each won twice. The Indians beat the White Sox 4-3 in Chicago when Reliever Bob Locker slipped while fielding a ball in front of home plate. Manager Joe Adcock charged the Sox with watering down the home plate area to slow down grounders and added, "That was one time they outsmarted themselves." Dismay was rampant in KANSAS CITY (0-5). The players felt they got nowhere during a hearing with Commissioner William D. Eckert concerning last month's imbroglio with Owner Charlie Finley. And Finley indicated that a transfer of the club to Seattle or Oakland was imminent. NEW YORK (3-3) played lively, albeit un-Yankeelike, ball. The key hits in two wins were a bunt single by Roy White and a squeeze bunt by John Kennedy. The Yankee record for their televised games rose to 51-48, far better than their 14-34 mark for untelevised games—which seems apropos for the CBS-owned team.

Standings: Det 85-65, Chi 85-66, Bos 84-66, Minn 84-66, Cal 77-71, Wash 70-79, Clev 71-81, Ball 67-81, NY 66-84, KC 59-89

HIGHLIGHT

"People kept asking me, 'Why don't you have an interesting pennant race like they do in the National League?' " says Bob Holbrook, who became publicity director of the American League in 1966. The question was usually asked in jest, but it was asked so frequently that it began to irritate the easygoing Holbrook. "It bugged the devil out of me," he says. But now all that has changed. The American League race has been nothing but excitement, no one asks that question anymore, and Holbrook is happy. One of the things that has helped make this such a resounding pennant brawl has been the extraordinary resiliency of the four contending clubs—their ability to fight back and win games in the late innings. Minnesota has come from behind in the seventh inning or later to win 30 games, Chicago 27, Boston 23, Detroit 16. Moreover, the White Sox have won in their *final* at bat on 19 occasions. The Twins held first place for most of August largely because they won 11 such come-from-behind games that month. The Tigers did it four times in 11 days this month, and last week the White Sox did it three times in four days. Last Friday a three-run homer by Bill Freehan in the eighth brought the Tigers into a 4-4 tie with the Senators, and then, with two on and two out in the ninth, Willie Horton came up. Given a life when his foul pop was misplayed, Horton drove in the winning run to move the Tigers into a three-way tie for the league lead. In Chicago the next night the White Sox went into the ninth trailing 4-1 and, with Dean Chance pitching for the Twins, seemed doomed. But they came up with one of their patented rallies—two walks, an error, a wild pitch, a sacrifice fly and four singles, including a game-winner by Pete Ward (*right*)—to take the game. With just a game separating the four clubs, and only two weeks to go in the season, Bob Holbrook said, "It's a delightful situation."

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—INTREPID successfully defended the America's Cup by defeating Australian challenger *Dame Pattie* in four straight races (*page 26*)

ALAN HOLT of Seattle skippered *Ariel* to finishes of 1-1-2-2-1 for his first North American Star-class Championship, on Lake Ontario

BOXING—Argentina's OSCAR BONAVENA floored European Heavyweight Champion Karl Mildenberger four times before winning a 12-round unanimous decision in Frankfurt, Germany (*page 20*)

California Heavyweight JERRY QUARRY, 22, knocked out Brooklyn's Billy Daniels in 2:45 of the first round of a scheduled 10-rounder in Los Angeles

FOOTBALL—AFL. Rookie Bob Griese took over for Starting Quarterback John Stofa, who broke his ankle early in the first period, and tossed two TD passes as MIAMI defeated Denver 35–21 (*page 69*) OAKLAND, with Daryle Lamonica pitching three touchdown passes and scoring another, made it two straight with a 35–7 rout of Boston. In the day's biggest upset in either league HOUSTON, loser of 13 straight games, crushed Eastern Division Champion Buffalo 20–3. One of the Oilers' touchdowns was set up by Zeke Moore's 46-yard return of a punt to the seven-yard line, and the other was scored right after W. K. Hicks ran back an intercepted pass 62 yards to the six-yard line

NFL. Defending World Champion GREEN BAY opened the 48th National Football League season by tying lowly DETROIT 17–17 on Don Chandler's 28-yard field goal with less than two minutes left in the game. The Lions intercepted four of Bart Starr's passes (he had only three picked off in 1966) in the first half as they took a 17–0 lead. But the Packers, led by Starr—who had 14 completions in 23 attempts for 321 yards—scored twice on plunges by Elijah Pitts before an 84-yard pass from Starr to Pitts set up the tying field goal. Don Meredith tossed two TD passes and Linebacker Chuck Howley ran back an interception 28 yards to lead Eastern Conference Champion DALLAS to a 21–14 victory over Cleveland. Rejuvenated PITTSBURGH crushed Chicago 41–13 as Fullback Bill Asbury scored two touchdowns and gained 107 yards rushing in 12 carries, while the Pitt defense held Gale Sayers to two yards in seven tries. Sayers, however, scored one of the Bears' TDs on a 103-yard kickoff return. SAN FRANCISCO erupted to a 24–0 half-time lead over Minnesota and then held on for a 27–21 win when Ron VanderKelen directed the Vikings to three last-period touchdowns. BALTIMORE also had a scare after rolling to a 31–7 half-time lead over Atlanta, but the Colts managed to stagger to a 38–31 victory on the passing of Johnny Unitas. He completed 22 of 32 passes for 401 yards and two TDs. Norm Snead had a big day, too, for PHILADELPHIA, with 18 completions in 27 attempts for 301 yards and two TDs. He also scored a touchdown as the Eagles beat Washington 35–24. Rookie John Gilliam ran back the opening kickoff 94 yards for a touchdown to give New Orleans a quick lead over LOS ANGELES in the Saints' first official NFL game. But the Rams got the lead back at the end of the first half and went on to win easily 27–13. NEW YORK came from behind to beat St. Louis 37–20 as Fran Tarkenton tossed three TD passes—70 and 38 yards to Homer Jones, 33 yards to Del Shofner—in the second half

GOLF—Thirty-six-year-old DAN SIKES of Jacksonville shot a final round four-under-par 68 to win the $110,000 Philadelphia Classic with a 72-hole total of 276, defeating George Archer by two strokes.

Britain's TONY JACKLIN won the $18,200 Dunlop Masters tournament in Sandwich, England when he shot a final-round 64 (including a hole in one on the 16th) for a 72-hole total of 274, defeating last year's winner, Neil Coles, by three strokes

HARNESS RACING—ROMULUS HANOVER paced the fastest mile (1 58⅘) of the 1967 Michigan season at Hazel Park raceway when Billy Haughton drove him to a one-length victory over stablemate Nardin's Byrd in the $25,350 Little Brown Jug Trial

HORSE RACING—QUICK PITCH ($2.80), carrying 172 pounds, galloped to a 16-length victory over Gay Sparkle in the 2½-mile $11,650 Rouge Dragon Hurdle Handicap at Aqueduct (*page 24*)

RIROCO (7-2), with Lester Piggott up, earned owner Charles Engelhard of Far Hills, N.J. first-place money of $119,546 when he defeated Queen Elizabeth's Hopeful Venture by 1½ lengths in the St. Leger stakes—the last classic race of the English season—in Doncaster, England

Hobeau Farm's MAC'S SPARKLER ($18.80), with Bill Boland aboard, finished a neck in front of Triple Brook to take the $81,900 Beldame for fillies and mares, at Aqueduct, while Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Straight Deal, the favorite, wound up fourth, 2½ lengths behind Gamely

ESTRENO II ($250.60), with Carlos Marquez aboard, scored a stunning upset in the $125,800 Michigan Mile and One-Eighth when he beat Handsome Boy by three-quarters of a length. Handsome Boy was disqualified for interference and placed fourth, behind Tenzing II and Carpenter's Rule

DIPLOMAT WAY ($3.40), with Milo Valenzuela up, set a track record of 1 34⅘ in winning the first division of the $23,275 Chicago Handicap at Hawthorne raceway, but in the second division, also worth $23,275, Walter Blum rode CANAL ($7.40) to a new mark of 1 34⅕ for the mile race on turf

MODERN PENTATHLON—HUNGARY gained the world championship in Jonkoping, Sweden for the third consecutive time with an accumulation of 14,237 points, 590 ahead of Sweden. The U.S.S.R. came in third, while the U.S. finished way back in 15th place.

MOTOR SPORTS—Grand Prix Formula I leader DENIS HULME of New Zealand averaging 109.13 mph in his "Flower Power" Chevrolet, gained his second consecutive victory in the $500,000 Canadian-American Challenge Cup series by taking the SCAA Bridgehampton (N.Y.) Grand Prix by 48 seconds over his teammate Bruce McLaren

JACK BRABHAM of Australia drove his Brabham-Repco at an average speed of 106.37 mph to beat Jackie Stewart of Scotland by five seconds in the Gold Cup Formula I and II race in Dulton Park, England

POLO. With Benny Gutierrez scoring six goals, the MILWAUKEE POLO CLUB defeated Keswick of Virginia 11–7 in the finals of the National 20 Goal tournament in Milwaukee

RODEO—LARRY MAHAN, a 23-year-old cowboy from Brooks, Ore. who was last year's top money winner on the professional rodeo circuit with $40,458, drew closer to repeating as the All-Around Champion when he gained the All-Around title and $1,985 at the Pendleton (Ore.) Roundup. Mahan's winnings this year now total $37,604

MILEPOSTS—NAMED. Head track-and-field coach of the U.S. team for the 1968 Olympic Games, PAYTON JORDAN, 50, coach at Stanford University the last 12 seasons.

TRADED. For high-draft choices—to the Atlanta Falcons, Los Angeles Flanker TOMMY McDONALD, 33, who ranks fourth among all-time NFL pass receivers with 455, and second in lifetime total touchdown passes with 79; and, to San Francisco, SONNY RANDLE, 31, an outstanding split end for the St. Louis Cardinals for six years, who has caught 328 passes for 5,438 yards and 60 touchdowns

DIED. L. K. Shapiro's 8-year-old gelding NATIVE DIVER, winner of more stakes races in California (34) than any other Thoroughbred, after an attack of colic, in Davis, Calif.

DIED. Former Houston First Baseman-Outfielder WALTER BOND, 29, of leukemia, in Houston. Bond, who played with the Astros in 1964 and 1965, had his best year in 1964 when he drove in 85 runs for a club record at the time, and hit 20 home runs

CREDITS

Cover—top, Herb Scharlman; 4—Ed Quinn TIME; 15-17—Walter Iooss Jr.; 18—James Drake; 24—Bob Coglianese NYRA; 25—Jerry Cooke; 34—Aldo Durazzi; 35—Roy DeCarava; 42-46—Fred Lyon Rapho Guillumette; 51—Shaady B. Lang; 61—Pictorial Parade, Frank H. Fase Indianapolis Star; 69—Lynn Pelham Rapho Guillumette; 91—Fred Kaplan Black Star

FACES IN THE CROWD

BRUCE GANGNATH, a 14-year-old pitcher from Bloomfield Hills, Mich., played on three teams and compiled an 18-0 won-loss record, while batting .521. He then won three of five All-Star games and received the Anderson Trophy for outstanding sportsmanship.

TEGGY DIEHL, 17, a two-time New York State Junior Golf winner and this year's Rochester (N.Y.) titleholder, became the new Champion of Junior Golf Champions when he defeated home-towner Bill Brown by one stroke at the tournament in Bethesda, Md.

JAY PUCKETT, 11, a swimmer from Savannah, Mo., stretched his three-year victory streak to 16 by taking the Northwest Missouri Association breaststroke title in Savannah. Jay earlier won his fourth straight 14-and-under one- and three-meter diving competition.

ROB BUCK, an 18-year-old pilot from Pipersville, Pa. who received his glider license one month ago, became the second youngest ever to earn a diamond badge when he soared a 314-mile straight-distance course, a 224-mile triangular pattern and a 37,000′ altitude flight

SUE BOYLE, 12, of Portland, Ore., completed a 19-day tour of the three major USLTA tennis tournaments in the Pacific Northwest and won eight of nine titles. She swept six singles events, took two doubles titles and placed second in one other doubles event

DAN HAABY, California's three-time state motorcycle champion and winner of 26 races so far this year, rode to his first national title at the eight-mile championship in Gardena, Calif. with a four-second victory over Sammy Tanner, 1959, 1964, 1965 and 1966 titlist

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KICKOFF

Sirs

Compliments are in order for Dan Jenkins for his fine article about the opening college football season (*This Year the Fight Will Be in the Open*, Sept. 11) and for his correct prediction of the No. 1 team, the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame.

JERRY SHEARD

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sirs

Your College Football 1967 analysis was pretty good, except for a few small items. Certainly, Notre Dame will be No. 1. But, really now, Georgia (No. 2) over Alabama (No. 5)? Let's hope Georgia does meet 'Bama in some bowl—any bowl. The red the Crimson Tide sees will be splattered all over Georgia's jerseys.

GARY L. HUDSON

Elba, Ala.

Sirs

I read with interest your selections of the Top 20 college teams for 1967. I couldn't help but wonder about the schools who will be unfortunate enough to face these powerhouses Saturday after Saturday this fall. I went through the schedules of your Top 20 selections, giving each team scheduled to play Notre Dame 20 points, those teams slated to meet Georgia 19 points and so on down the line. Based on that evaluation, it turns out that the following teams have the toughest schedules this season:

1) Georgia Tech
2) USC
3) Auburn
4) LSU
5) Mississippi

Georgia Tech earns the No. 1 spot by having to play Miami, Notre Dame and Georgia (your Nos. 3, 1 and 2 selections) on successive Saturdays, in addition to facing Tennessee earlier in the year. USC is No. 2 because it plays five of your Top 20 picks this year.

And what about the Top 20 themselves? Besides USC and Mississippi, Notre Dame, Michigan State, Purdue, and Texas A&M have tough schedules. The softest? That honor goes to Army, scheduled to meet none of your other top 20 selectees.

WILLIAM H. WHITE

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your omission of Georgia Tech from your predicted Top 20 college football teams surely is not without reason. Why, last year Coach (now athletic director) Bobby Dodd himself was not expecting much of a season. Tech's record was awful indeed. Nine wins and one loss in the regular season and a trip to the Orange Bowl is something to be truly ashamed of.

SPENCE PETERS

Atlanta

Sirs:

If Purdue's defense is poor because it gave up 154 points, "more than Notre Dame would give up in a decade," may I call a seemingly obscure fact to your attention? In the immediate past decade ('57 through '66) Purdue alone scored 213 points against Notre Dame, while the Irish were able to score only 175 points against Purdue.

P. K. CONNELLY

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

I read your summary of Michigan State's football chances with wry amusement. My poor alma mater! To so lack gridiron talent that her plight drives your writers to tears! No MSU fan will cry over this year's team. Certainly not with your predictions.

EVELYN KNOTT

Stockbridge, Mich.

Sirs:

Since it seems beneath your august gaze to review the Missouri Valley football conference in your issue of September 11, I must assume that this conference is not worthy of note. Scratch one SI subscription renewal.

ROY TRABAND

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

When was the Yankee Conference disbanded?

LIEUT. JG MICHAEL FIRST, USN

Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

Thanks for a great look at college football! Behind the backfield are the fans, and they can tell you a thousand reasons why "their" team is tops. It is difficult to rate teams and keep everybody happy but, thanks to SI, readers have an inside look on who to watch and why.

DEBBIE FLEISNER

Burbank, Calif.

INTERCEPTED PASS

Sirs

In your September 11 college football issue it was stated that Terry Hanratty can throw a 50-yard pass "without letting it rise more than 10 feet off the ground." If you assume that he releases the ball at the goal line from a point 6½ feet above the ground and merely hits the 50-yard line without allowing the ball to rise higher than 10 feet and even neglect air resistance, then the ball still must be thrown at 255 mph at an angle of 7° to the horizontal. This is more than twice the speed that anyone has ever thrown anything. Please try to stick to meaningful assertions and let Notre Dame's performance attest to its players' superhuman capabilities.

BILL SHANKS

East Lansing, Mich.

• Terry Hanratty throws hard, but not that hard.—ED.

CURVE BALL

Sirs:

Curry Kirkpatrick's appraisal of Stratford, Conn.'s Raybestos Brakettes gave long-overdue recognition to the headline-starved sport of women's softball (*Nobody Beats the Brakettes*, Sept. 11). I know of no other set of athletes who exhibit the bubbling enthusiasm and pure, heartfelt love for their sport that the girl softballers do. However, the author made one generalization that was, I feel, completely unwarranted. He says that "there isn't much girl watching at a women's softball game," and he scorns authority Morris Bealle's statement that many girl softball players "could enter any beauty contest in the land and finish in the upper brackets." I wonder what Mr. Kirkpatrick has to say now that Debra Dene Barnes, a beautiful first basewoman from Kansas, has been crowned Miss America of 1968.

MARK MANDEL

Portland, Ore.

FROM THE BOOK

Sirs:

Jack Nicklaus is a very heavy-handed rules man. Would he really charge two strokes if my ball moved accidentally after address (*Standing Firm in the Pines*, Sept. 11)? I would argue with him. Rule 27-1c calls for a one-stroke penalty.

JOSEPH C. DEY JR.

New York City

• Mr. Dey, Executive Director of the USGA, is one stroke up on SI.—ED.

BUCKEYE FEVER

Sirs:

What a delightful, nostalgic story for every Buckeye scattered throughout the land (*Say It Isn't So, Woody*, Sept. 11)! There were only three bits of memorabilia Robert Cantwell omitted that must be included in any history of Ohio State: 1) the year Maudine Ormsby, a cow, ran for Homecoming Queen, 2) the OSU-Notre Dame game of 1935, which Notre Dame won by two touchdowns

continued

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in two minutes, and 3) the famous dressing-room statement by one of our coaches, Francis Schmidt, that Michigan players were just like any other men—they put on their pants one leg at a time!

R SPRAGUE

Fayetteville, N C.

Sirs

After having read the article *Say It Isn't So, Woody*, I am very proud to be a coed at Ohio State University, and I am also very proud to be a grade-A fan of the Buckeyes I am sure that your story brought many tears to the eyes of alumni, who fondly remember walks by Mirror Lake and Saturday football contests in the horseshoe stadium It is hard to put into words the excitement that can be felt on a football weekend in Columbus, but your article did it! Incidentally, our victory bell is located in the southeast tower of the stadium and not in Orton Tower The latter bells are located on the Oval, and ring out with the time

LUBAY HOLMAN

Worthington, Ohio

Sirs

Your excellent article on Ohio State football overlooked one very important example of the de-emphasis of football at Ohio State. Although all Big Ten schools have been permitted to play 10 games a season for the past several years, Ohio State has never scheduled more than nine games the only Big Ten school to do so This was an administration decision one that obviously costs the school another 80,000 crowd, or some $100,000 in revenue But it was decided that the academic stature was more important

JAMES J BEIER

Cincinnati

Sirs

Being a charter subscriber to SI and the "Ambassador of the Ohio State Buckeyes," I want to take issue with various statements in your recent article If you think interest is diminishing in Ole Columbus Town, try to get a ticket to the Purdue encounter If we ever eliminate the running track and sink the playing field 30 feet, the resultant 100,000-seat stadium will sell out for every stellar attraction

Now that Jack Fullen has retired and Rose Bowl bans have been lifted, recruiting has provided the greatest frosh team assembled since Paul Brown's '42 wonders Just for the record, Francis Schmidt was at the helm for seven years, with a 39-16-1 record

For 35 years I have enjoyed the OSU hysteria, and nothing breeds interest like victory Check our record over the years since the Little College in the Cornfield entered the Big Ten in 1912 It is blessed with successes!

CARROLL SOLLARS

Mansfield, Ohio

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HAMILTON

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Does "instant credit" make saving obsolete?

by Rex G. Baker, Jr.

President, National League of Insured Savings Associations

Encouraged by merchants and some financial institutions, many people seem to believe it is no longer necessary to be thrifty. They laugh, shrug and say: "With credit for everything you want, who needs to save up for it?"

This is a very dangerous idea.

It is too easy to whip out a credit card, sign your name and walk away. It is so easy that at the end of each month more and more people find themselves "card rich" but "dollar poor." They are victims of a growing myth that money and savings are going out of style. Those who believe in this myth have a carefree, mañana feeling that they can spend money they do not have. Some even spend money they will never have.

Not that credit is bad.

Our economy requires maturely considered credit transactions to keep factories, farms, families, even the government going. But the misuse of credit by individuals has become a national danger. People in all income levels are experiencing the hopeless feeling that they are prisoners of their own finances.

Not that credit cards are bad either.

They offer advantages that are symptoms of an important change in our lives and the economy.

We are affluent. When we see what we want, we refuse to let a lack of cash-in-the-pocket keep us from having it that instant.

We are on the move from city to city and we refuse to be loaded with a roll of bills or the bothersome details of proving who we are and that the check we sign is "good."

We are going at a high speed and insist upon the convenience of quick transactions, which are made possible by numbered accounts, a consolidated risk accepted by the card issuer, computerized billing and "your signature only."

The trap is over-extension.

This traditionally is a trap in finance. The danger is in a mental attitude that conjures magic into these cards that materialize credit, and comforts the "bearer" with an illusion that there will never be a time of reckoning. It is this mental state that worries us.

Because of our position in the financial community, the savings and loan business has an intense interest in the attitudes of individuals and families toward money and thrift.

The savings and loan business is vitally interested in the solvency of the public.

Realistic attitudes and solvency relate directly to the health of our national economy.

In the public interest we oppose the over-abundance of credit cards.

We oppose the false feeling that credit cards may create. We believe that thoughtful people should take a stand against over-encouragement of so-called "instant credit." We must sweep away the impression of magic and call "*instant credit*" by its other, equally accurate name, "*instant debt.*" This is an appropriate time to repeat the principle: *Save now to feel secure, to meet your obligations and to enjoy the future.*

To people who have money-sense it is obvious that "instant credit" does not make saving obsolete!

Savings and Loan Associations

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YESTERDAY

A Death Wish for Alma Mater

by GORDON G. BELD

Not every football fan remembers the name Wilfred C. Bleamaster and yet, in a way, he made as significant a contribution to football as the inventors of the forward pass, the sucker shift and the single wing. But the football fans at little Alma College in mid-Michigan remember Bleamaster even today, for he was the coach who for two years running arranged to have his teams open the season against Notre Dame and play Michigan State on the following Saturday. He was the man, you might almost say, who invented suicide.

To be sure, neither the Spartans nor the Irish were the powers in 1914 and 1915 that they are today. But Bleamaster wasn't coaching at Yale either. Even today the enrollment at Alma just tops a thousand. In 1914 it was 144—64 of them males and fewer than 20 of them football players.

And it wasn't that Bleamaster didn't know any better. He had taken on Michigan State and the Irish at midseason in 1913 and was walloped 57–0 by State and 62–0 by the South Benders.

As the Alma College student newspaper put it back in September of '14, "The team faces one of the hardest schedules ever arranged. Notre Dame and MAC [Michigan State was then Michigan Agricultural College], the two contenders for the western title last year, meet the Presbyterians on succeeding Saturdays." Then, spotting the silver lining, the writer added, "But with these two games out of the way, there will follow more desirable games."

A week later, still looking on the bright side after a grisly whipping from the Irish, the paper reported that "the score of last year was reduced by six points and the coach is satisfied that the men played a far better game than was played in 1913."

It helped somewhat, of course, that in 1914 Knute Rockne was on the sidelines rather than at right end pulling in the passes of Gus Dorais, as he had been the year before. Dorais had graduated, too, so both barrels of this new weapon that had shot down Army, confounding the football world in the 1913 game that saw the forward pass come of age, were out of the lineup.

But, even without Dorais and the Rock, Notre Dame was able to muster a certain talent. A writer for the Alma College paper noted that "the Notre Dame players indulged in tactics that the Marquess of Queensberry's rules frown on. However, they were most hospitable off the field of play, and showed the Alma men a good time."

Dr. Verne Richards, now a retired Birmingham, Mich. dentist, doesn't remember much about the good times. He's still a little burned up about the officiating in the 1914 game. He'd arrived on the Alma campus just two days before the Scots left for South Bend. He started at end for Alma, and on the second play of the game, though "surrounded by three big brutes from Notre Dame," he caught a pass and took off for what should have been a sure touchdown. But, Richards contends, one of the "Irish officials" blew his whistle to halt the play. During the rhubarb that ensued the official pointed out that he didn't think the 150-pound Alma end would have been able to survive if the three defenders had pounced on him. Final score 56–0.

A week later Bleamaster's Alma men journeyed to East Lansing, in time to give one State fullback a chance to score five touchdowns against them as they lost 60–0. There was no chance for the student newsman to boast about improvement in comparison with the 1913 result this time. The 1914 tally was three points worse than the year before.

The second year that the Alma gridders were involved in their early-autumn insanity wasn't quite as bad as the first. At least in 1915 the Scots posted their best record against Notre Dame, losing only 32–0, and a week later in the second game of the season they scored 12 points against State—but lost 76–12.

Chester Robinson, Alma left half in 1915, says that it didn't take Quarterback Malcolm Smith long to discover that the Scots' regular plays weren't moving the ball anyplace in the opener against Notre Dame. According to Roh-

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Alma Mater

inson, Smith decided to scrap Bleamaster's plan of attack and run everything from punt formation. This fooled the Irish, Robinson claims, permitting Alma to pick up some good gains.

"Once," boasted the student paper in 1915, "Alma seriously threatened the Notre Dame goal," and "more than once Alma held the heavy Notre Dame aggregation for downs."

A week later the Scots ran up against the Spartans and Neno DePrato, 1915 All-America and national individual scoring leader. Early in the game DePrato punted for State. Ed Johnson pulled in the ball on the Alma 10-yard line and zipped to midfield, where he was hit hard by Brownie Springer. The ball flipped out of Johnson's hands right into the arms of surprised Norm Smith, who galloped to the goal.

Alma scored again on a pass from Malcolm Smith to Mark Spinney and trailed 19–12 at the end of the first quarter. DePrato contributed two touchdowns and a field goal that day to his 188-point six-game season total.

Two years of opening against Notre Dame and Michigan State were enough for Coach Bleamaster. He left to take a coaching position at the University of Idaho in 1916, and Harry Helmer became the Scots' coach. He, too, found himself up against both the Irish and State, but at least not on the first two Saturdays of the season.

Against the Spartans early in the 1916 campaign Alma lost 33–0, and at the end of the season the Scots faced Notre Dame for the last time, taking a 46–0 beating. But in 1917, with Notre Dame off the schedule, Helmer and his boys got a taste of victory that made up for all the bitter crow they had eaten before. In their best season since 1912 they piled up a record of six wins and only one loss, and one of the wins was over Michigan State 14–7.

According to John Lott, a Tecumseh, Mich. toolroom foreman who was Alma's right tackle in 1917, Helmer ordered steak for his team after this triumph, the first over State since 1902, the first and the last. Unfortunately, the Spartans won the next eight times, until the series ended in 1932, when the Scots took a 93–0 beating.

Alma College still tackles a gridiron giant occasionally, although none quite of the stature of Notre Dame or Michigan State. END

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